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**MONEY FOR
YOUR NUDIST SNAPS**
**NUDIST SPAIN
THIS SUMMER?**

**World's Largest Selling
Naturist Magazine**





THE 80th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by, national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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EDITORIAL

DARE TO BE FREE

Readers throughout the world write to us. We get letters from as far away as New Zealand and Alaska. Not all are for publication. And not all of them praise us. No matter what we do we just accept that you cannot please all the people all the time. Some write saying they want to see more children. Others that we don't publish enough men, still others say we should give more space to mature women rather than our provocative 'dolly birds'. But increasingly I note with some satisfaction that letters from younger enthusiasts are airing views forgotten now for twenty years or more. Once again they are saying out loud that Nudism is a *revolutionary* movement. It is not just a cosy, fireside, conventional pastime but an outright, full frontal assault on conventional ethics and morality. Once again we are seeing youngsters taking up the original banner of nudism. They want more 'free' nudism. They plead for a movement free of organisation, national and international committees and dogma formulating 'leaders'. They want to see a return to the hard core of nudism—a movement which proclaims the right to go nude where and when that is convenient.

Murray Wren (Editor)

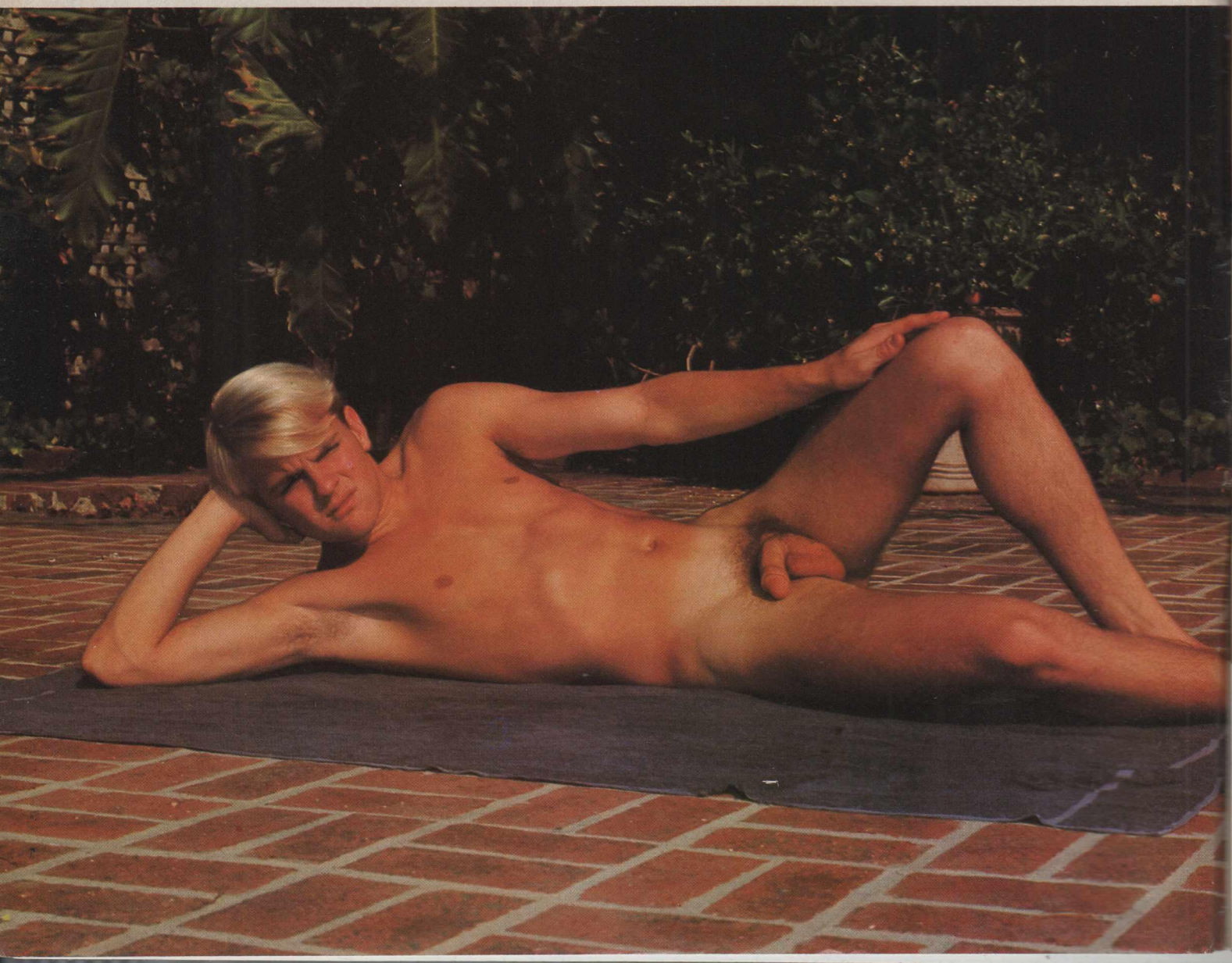


Next Month

Once again we look at one of the smaller Yugoslavia resorts. This one is typical of the beaches developed around the tourist hotels. Over the past twenty years the tourist industry has built up a whole chain of holiday resorts throughout Yugoslavia, and the nudists among the tourists have seen to it that nudist beaches follow just as fast as the new hotels. The one we will be looking at next month is very near that most popular holiday town—Dubrovnik. Join us then and discover the delights of package holiday nudism. Place your order now, H&E sells out fast all over the world.



**GOOD
TIMES
ARE
BAD
TIMES**



'Look' said Brian O'Hanlon's wife pointing to a fellow with a huge stomach overhanging his trousers, 'He's much fatter than you!' Brian looked and no doubt concluded that he must be only the second fattest man in the world. A depressing thought and one he gave considerable attention to. Now what about you? Got over the laughter—well what are you going to do about that little matter of keeping fit and losing the fat? Read on for encouragement.



WHEN all is well I relax and get fat' the Editor of *Health & Efficiency* declared to me as we were having a natter about health and fitness generally the other day. 'Well, that's true', I agreed. 'When times are mean I am generally lean . . .'

'In that case you must have been doing well for years' he replied, gazing at my extra poundage. 'But go away and write me something about it. Recall the days when you were fit—if you can still remember them!'

I can indeed. Many's the time. Most men don't take to the bottle when they are up against it. They dig their heels in and fight, fight and fight again—to quote former Labour leader, Hugh Gaitskill's famous words. In the Golden Age of big-time boxing, between the wars, they had a similar expression: 'A good fighter is a

hungry fighter', referring to the Jack Dempsey's, the Joe Louis', who clawed their way out of the American ghettos of the Depression with the only capital they had. Their fists! Success breeds success. I agree. And that is good, but it's your body that takes the beating—all the time.

The greater majority of men in the Western World live in some kind of State-cushioned society these days. I shall not attempt to argue the merits or otherwise of the corporate state here, but what has clearly emerged is the usurpation of individual initiative to a greater or lesser degree. As the State takes more and more people on its payroll and makes massive legislation to ensure worker protection in the private sector of industry, so there is less *real need* to fight, fight and fight again. For those who do it is mainly an

exercise in ego-satisfaction bereft of any doubts as to where their next penny is coming from. There are the active minority, however, the self-employed, who do not enjoy State-aided largesse. They have no protection against the evil day, if it comes, when the gods shit upon them from on high. It is these who know the truth of my opening maxim about the good times being the bad times.

If the words 'self-employed' conjure up to you a pudgy tycoon resting his many chins on his chest in the back of his Rolls as it takes him to the Airport for his ten months 'holiday' in the Cayman Islands, do please think again. Under this title come most people in the entertainment business and professional world. Writers, Artists and Actors who are only as good as their last





It's easy when you are young, but will she have the same figure twenty years hence?

production. To use the grand old phrase from the veteran television programme: 'What's My Line', they are fee earning. Fees, unlike salaries, are inconsistent. The salaried employee works sets of set hours. The self-employed work when it's available, and only the august few can pick and choose.

To someone who has deliberately set himself in the world of opportunity, without protection, he soon learns that his £70 or £100 a week does not come in cosy gift-wrapped brown Friday morning envelopes. Just as his work has its peaks and troughs so too does his income. One week it can easily be supermarket bought eggs, soup and bread. The next may produce the cheque that settles all the immediate bills and has enough over to book a table for dinner at The

Savoy. But then, and this is the whole point of this article, these up and downs are not so regular. The down dips can last a month, two months, or even longer. Most of us are used to them and accept them with a philosophy borne of experience, and when we have to cancel that holiday or the new car we tell ourselves that money we haven't been paid is money saved! We disappear from our usual drinking haunts and every night, or every other night becomes one evening a week. We work out and dine in. For someone who does this as much as I have done over the years it will come as no surprise to learn just how much of what we take for granted we can do without, be fit, and very far from the bread and water or starving in a garrett imagery so beloved of popular fiction. 99.9% of those in regular

employment *eat* too much and eat too many of the cosmetic foods that are total anaethema to a healthy vitality. The cakes, sweets, preserves, bread and butter. We overstock our larders because we overbuy. In the world of credit cards—*The Times* described last Noel as 'the credit card Christmas'—we live now and do pay later, so why worry? Doesn't everyone we assure ourselves? To be forced through necessity to reconsider is no bad thing. In fact it is what the Jewish community refers to as a 'Mitzvah'—a blessing in disguise.

I am writing this on the patio of my bungalow a few yards from the golden sands of The Bay of Kassandra in Greek Macedonia. I have just had my early morning ski at 8 a.m. I have not been too pleased with myself on this holiday-cum-business trip. I know I am 12 kilos overweight. People tell me I am not *that* much, but *I* know differently. I am sluggish, not alert. The ten minute ski this morning made my back ache. 'It's not you, it's the boat!' they said to me. Sure; the boat's engine is too small for men of my height or weight. But that's not the point. If I had been

properly fit, *I know* I would have made it. When I first met my wife, who is a first-class skier; the emotion and fresh endeavour made the poundage roll off me. The first day I *ever* put on a pair of water skis I ski'd for *one hour*—which amazed everybody. Everybody but me. Oh! Don't swing the lamp or mirthfully bellow 'Bullshit!' It didn't amaze me because I knew I was going to do it through the supreme inner confidence that only comes from having the knowledge that you are fitter than 90% of the human race, which is no great target to achieve—if you put your mind to it.

You see, we all make excuses for ourselves. Friends foolishly do their best to give us verbal bromides. You will always find a chest full of excuses as to why you CAN'T do something. Then, there is what I term the negative comparison. It happened just now. 'Look, love', said Madam: pointing out an Austrian Director, with most of his corporation hanging well out in front of him: 'He's much fatter than you are!' Christ! What a compliment! If I ever got to his weight I think I would put on an Edwardian swim-



suit and straw boater and go for a dog paddle in the children's pool. A beach is a very good focal point of human nature. When bikinis were first introduced, about 20 years ago, it was understood that only the fairest and the fittest could wear them with grace and maximum sexuality. A bikini was the passkey of golden womanhood, with lassies of 18 making the most of them as they paraded on beaches with sensuous hips and surfboard stomachs. When the dinky, crotch-tight men's costume was promoted, in the fifties, no-one but a fit young bloke, extremely body conscious, would have had the gall to slip one on.

Today? God! As my dear old dad would have said: 'Dear Mother, sell the pig and buy me out!'

Rolls upon rolls of fat spreading obscenely over tiny bottom halves of bikinis, are everywhere. United only by their ugliness. Their obscenity. They waddle into the sea, return, and plop into deckchairs which creak in protest. In case you think I'm only having a go at the women, then let me tell you the men are a bloody sight worse. If I am carrying extra



Playing naked in the sun encourages you to keep a trim figure.



weight I don't want to inflict it on anybody. In a holiday resort situation I will don a pair of boxer trunks; the all-purpose garment for beach, cafe and town, on the sun-drenched beaches of the Mediterranean and the Aegean. If I were like the Austrian I have already mentioned I would be like the goddammed mosquitos and only come out at night. But not him! He walks around beaming: 'Good Mornink!', with a bloody great T-shirt upon which is emblazoned: 'What The World Need's Is Love. Let's Give It!'

The sad thing is, of course, that most of us wouldn't be out here in our bad times. We just couldn't afford it. The greatest satisfaction a man can know is climbing out of the abyss once again. Slimmed, always hungry, and with a large amount of completely justified satisfaction. If only he could learn

not to let go completely. He goes and buys himself a new sports jacket. That's good, because a little present to oneself never did anybody any harm when it has been well merited. The trouble comes when the sports jacket wants to be taken out to show everyone. Everyone, usually refers to one's mates. And where do they hang out? Usually in the pub. A little drink never did anybody any harm—and it never will. But have you ever been in a pub for a little drink? Have you ever tried asking for one? When you return to your former haunts you go back to your old ways. You set yourself in an all too familiar environment, and the result is that pretty soon you are back to square one.

For someone who enjoys the good life too much self-imposed restraint can be boring and dan-

gerous. You can only act a part so much of your time. The danger comes in when you have suddenly had enough of it, because you have gone too far.

The best advice I can give you is to give your body a break during the week, and take your new sports jacket out at weekends. Not only will you tone down and get fit, but you will have something to look forward to. Something you have earned, by exercise at the things you like. If you enjoy your Saturday and Sunday, beer, go to it, but lay off all the stodgy foods. They won't be such a problem, if you have been used to doing without them all the week. Let the good times remain the good times. Your body and your bank manager would both agree!

UNDER OUR CLOTHES WE'RE ALL NUDISTS

'And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.' (Genesis 2:25.)

CREATION or Evolution? Nudity or concealment? Two questions that have bedevilled theologians, scholars and philosophers from time immemorial. Creationists and Naturists have the 'drop' on all others if solely because the quotation above referred to Adam and Eve in Eden—mankind's first environment. Regardless of individual beliefs one common feature prevails—humans are born in the nude.

These facts do not assume that Naturists are believers in Creation or that those advocating concealment embrace Evolutionist theories. Such assumption would be too convenient. Besides, what if pigs are the end product of evolution? Horrid, pinkly naked, obese and lewd creatures blatantly grubbing and rutting in their own filth. They also eat their young. The mind boggles, especially when one realises the problems the theologians, scholars and philosophers have wrestled with for so long. What to advocate, the nudism of Adam and Eve or the covering of the primals? Which will make us more popular with the mass conventions?

The answer, though no answer at all to the basic problem, fell on the side of convention. That is, concealment. We got stuck with it. Concealment of the human body became conventional and convention became concealment of the human body. We have ways of making you keep your clothes on. So declared convention. A study of the history of the measures taken to impose this convention produces more laughs than tears. Naturists might feel they have a history of hardships in their bid to go nude, a record of opposition, harassment, censure, contumely and false accusations.

To any Naturist who feels badly done to I would suggest the following exercise. Pick a quiet spot in the Club grounds in the sunshine. Remove all your clothes and make yourself comfortable for a period of at least

D. V. Priest takes a few books along to his club. They cause him to wonder at the weird ways of the world. He sees Fashion, Convention and Morality in alliance with religion all determined to make us keep them on. But underneath, he observes, we all are nude. The dreadful truth will out. At birth and death at least. Read what D. V. Priest has discovered and enjoy the joke with him.

four hours. A four hour session will do to begin with. You should have obtained from a library a number of books. The subjects: 'A History of Medicine', 'Fashions down the Ages', 'A short History of Religions', 'Satanism and Witchcraft' and, for kicks, 'A Book of Etiquette and Good Manners'. You'll not read them all but you will get nicely tanned.

At the end of the session and the day at the Club you will return to the world of 'all that' feeling a happier person. At worst you will understand why 'all that' came about and what a liberated mind you have in being able to thrust it all aside. The recommended reading listed above may seem somewhat of a non-relevant mixture. Put it all together, think about it carefully. It tells a story. A sad story but with undertones of comedy for anyone with a sense of humour. A kind of sense of humour, not a cynical feeling of scorn.

Religious obsession

The pains to which people down the ages have been put to conceal themselves is farcical. Worthy of a TV comedy. Take 'A History of Medicine'. There is an illustration of some poor unfortunate in the 15th Century having his leg amputated in the crudest way. He is fully clothed and the surgeon is sawing through breeches and hose while his assistant holds the fellow's leg—complete with shoe. Reduction of a dislocated shoulder by Greek physicians at an earlier period illustrates an apparently naked

patient, a semi-clothed helper and a clothed surgeon.

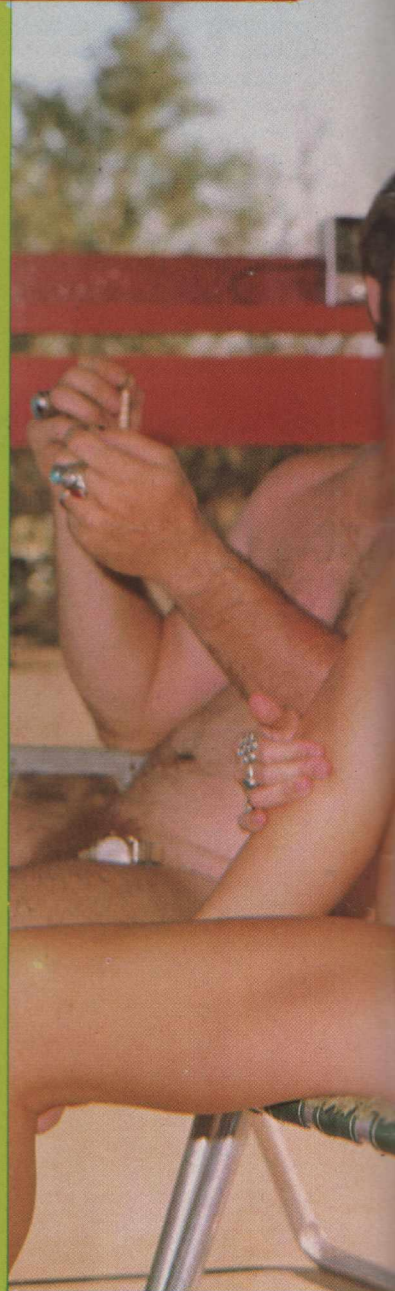
Consider the restrictions of the 15th Century surgeon compared with the freedom of the Grecian. The 15th Century was obsessed with religious codes, even its sculptors were obliged to drape figures in diaphanous garments. Those who were bold enough to ignore this more were soon in trouble with the Church. Ignaz Semmelweis (1818-1865) went literally mad in his fight to prevent puerperal fever caused by the filthy carelessness of doctors whose pride and joy was to wear a frock coat gleaming with the stains of wiping their hands after examination of pregnant women. Such was their pride in their frock coats.

The impositions of fashions in clothing; the dogmas of religious sects of all kinds; the contradictory tenets of Satanism and Witchcraft, some demanding nudity, others suffocation are amazing. As with all things conventional one notes ambivalencies. Instance the crinolene era of ladies' fashions by which not so little as an ankle was revealed. The crinolene hung like an enormous bell encasing, and indeed intensifying, the delicious mystery of what lay underneath.

The crinolene. Not a glimpse of ankle; its wearer gliding gracefully as if on wheels and aware of the protection enfolding her lower anatomy. But topside; breasts eighty per cent naked and pushed up to resemble melons, the nipples tantalisingly in danger of breaking cover and completely

nullifying the design of the skirt and petticoat. The gallants of the era must have undergone mental and physical agonies in efforts to control the effect upon them of a room full of such maidenly and matronly mammaries. Adding to these agonies was the fashion in cod-pieces inflicted upon the men themselves.

Though the crinolened lower limbs of the women were extrava-





gantly concealed, the genitalia of the men were exaggeratedly pronounced. Doublet and hose was the attire of the average male and this was comparable to a bolero jacket worn above a pair of lady's present day tights. The codpiece, often made of leather, was primarily designed to protect the wearer's vital parts from sword and rapier slashes in the many skirmishes and after dark

muggings of the period. Much as the para-military gear of the '70s has been adopted into ladies' fashions, so the cod pieces of the bravoes were adopted by pretty boys and other fops who could barely lift a spoon much less a duelling rapier.

Moralists and prudes have frequently decried the mixed nudity and undignified gambling of naturists. (Viz. photos of mixed

tennis doubles and even the innocent line-up of spectators of such games. All those naked breasts and men things. Ugh!) Compare the straightforwardness of the latter with the overt and covert gyrations of the crinolened and cod-pieced gentlemen during a minuet. Every time the ladies curtsied to their partner the poor chap would cop a bird's eye view of the entire upper works while

she would be, demurely, at close quarter eye-level with the latest and greatest in cod pieces. Yuk!

So much for Elizabethan conventions. The Victorians too had peculiarities of fashion and morals. The wasp waist, designed to restrict and thereby inhibit the female from any form of sexual thrill but later adopted as a fashion to produce large bosoms and huge hips. It was a killer and,

though adopted all over Europe, was less popular in Germany—at any rate among the ordinary people—who preferred their women to be naturally buxom and not endangered by hour-glass shapes.

The prevalent female ailment of the wasp waist era was called the 'vapours'; sudden swooning. The reason was simple. The re-

strictions of the laced corset inflicted so much pain and strain on the respiratory system that girls and women collapsed. This was often mistaken for coyness. In pregnancy wasp-waisted women were unequipped to expand the tiny areas of their anatomy in pace with the enlargement of the womb. This frequently caused miscarriage or full term mortali-

ties for mother or child, or both. Better to have ignored the dictates of popular fashion.

Epidemics and plagues have had their origin in germs picked up by the trailing skirts of women, carried around, and so spread to others. Despite the intentions of the fashion moralists of the past promiscuity was rampant: washing and bathing was *infra dig.*

Venereal disease ensued. It is also quite common in 1978 but for different reasons. Then it was from the filth picked up or allowed to accrue on the clothing and person. In 1978 it is due to the practice of 'sleeping around'.

Indictments against morals, conventions and behaviour could be laid upon every generation since the first man—or ape. Such indictment would vary as to particulars. What does not vary is the indictment against clothing. People with contrasting morals, conventions and behaviour are shown by history to have suffered equally from clothing and the dictates of fashion. In some instances, forced upon them, as in early 19th century Hawaii and Honolulu. This group of Edenic islands in the Pacific Ocean was horrendously hammered by the effects of clothing and morals forced on them by fanatical missionaries.

Missionary misery

Following the imposition of the morals and dictates of the missionaries came suicidal misery. Men and women were deprived of the mutual joys of polygamy, suffered and died from pneumonia, were afflicted with skin rash and sores caused by the coarse cloth or starched hard linens decreed by the religionists. In course of time the religionists' own morals declined and they took the native women and so passed on diseases brought with them from elsewhere. In 1978 Hawaii and Honolulu have one of the world's highest tuberculosis and VD ratings traceable to those far off madmen who made them dress.

The reader might assume from the foregoing that the naturist is advocating that everyone without exception go about nude. Not so. Imagine the crowded supermarket scene if everybody was nude; the city high street full of nudes; the darkened cinema patronised by nudes. Might as well give *carte blanche* to rapists. What the naturist advocates is freedom to go nude without censure and contumely in *private* locations of their choosing in any country in the world. Unlike the 19th century missionaries it is not, nor ever has been, the naturists' intention to force everybody to follow.

To do so would probably have as drastic a result as that experienced by the Pacific islanders. Civilisation has weakened human resistance to its natural state—that is, the state of nudity. Bearing these considerations in mind the most fanatic naturist would not advocate sudden mass reversal to nudity. What naturists do require, however, is the untarnished free-

Creation or evolution? Who cares about ideas when the reality is as good as this?





dom to train and coach their children to grow up to a condition of hardiness commensurate with that of their ancestors before the softening influences of clothing took over. Not much to ask from a democracy.

That this ambition is being achieved in every nation is evidenced by the many organised naturist groups that contribute

news items and features to media like *Health & Efficiency*. That it is possible to harden the body, even in these times of 'soft living', is proven by many who have done so. That all mankind will abandon its choice of concealment in favour of nudity is not likely to occur. And why should it? In the same way that naturists appeal and campaign for tolerance, so also

they reciprocate that tolerance.

To those opposed to nudism on the grounds of it constituting a 'disgusting and morally bad' state of affairs, this writer—with respect—says. Until such time as geneticists, gynaecologists, midwives and hospital delivery wards can produce ready clothed babies: until such time as morticians (undertakers/funeral contractors)

can avoid disrobing cadavers, the moralist is stuck with nudity. The solution could be produced via the science of cybernetics. Ready made bionic men and women. No nakedness at start or finish. The ideal in life long concealment. The only solution that would bring creationists and evolutionists to total agreement.



THE NUDIST COURIER

Jan Rogers talks about her experiences as a courier for a holiday organisation running package tours to Yugoslavia. As with lots of hotels there hers has a nearby nudist beach. She loves it but is not quite so keen on the genuine nudists nor the ones who want to go nude because they feel there must be a sexual adventure to be had. You might not agree with Jan's views, but she does have first hand experience.

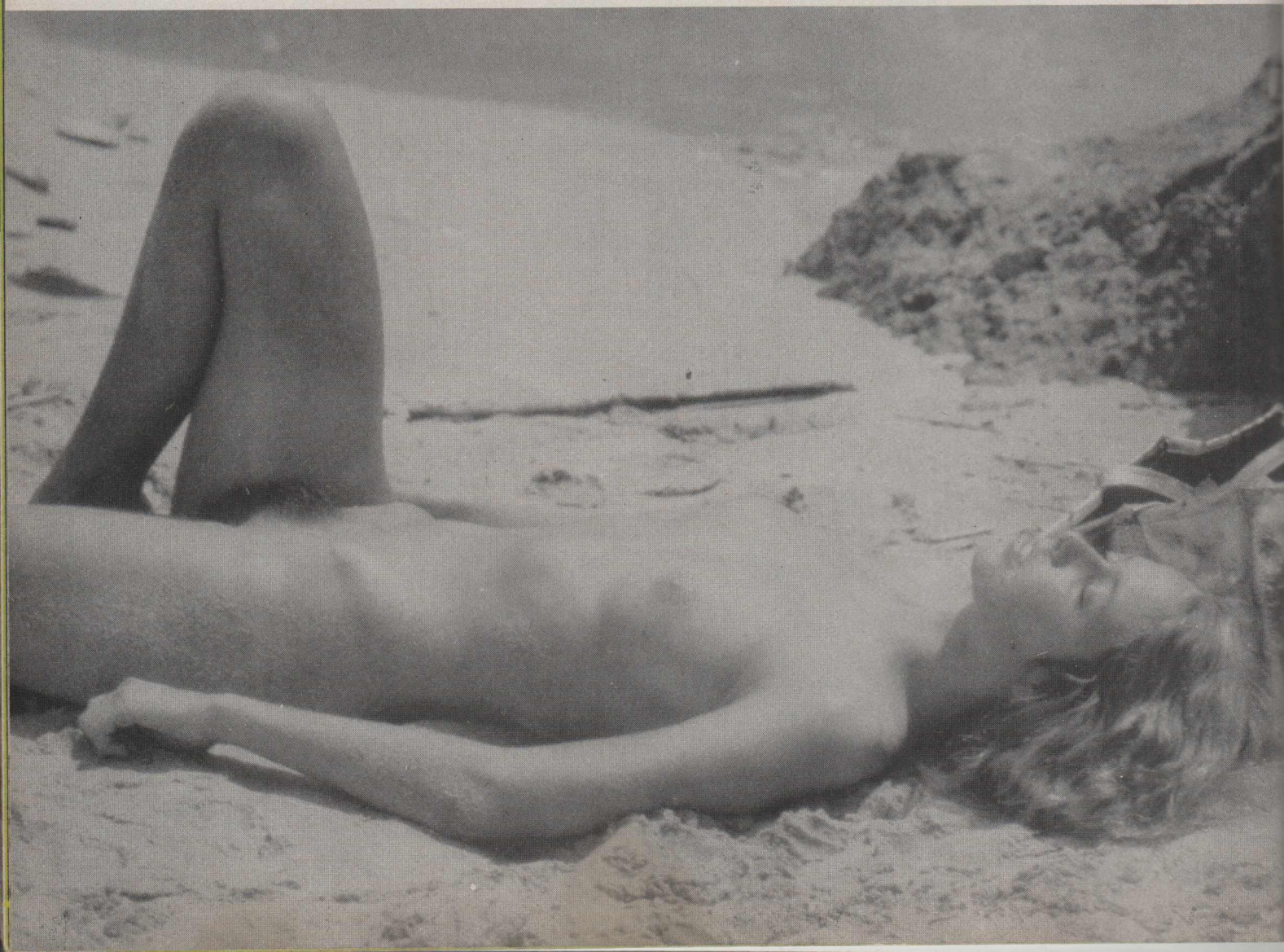
JAN'S overall tan told us she had been some time in Yugoslavia. 'Yes,' she said—'courier job. Been here all summer. Herding the tourists around.'

Was that how she became a nudist? 'In a way,' she replied, 'you see lots of them who would never dream of going nude back home, but out here they can't wait to see the nudist beaches. We have one near the hotel. Sooner or later everyone visits it. Even those who don't particularly like nudism. It's their curiosity. They just can't bear the idea of what might be going on and not see for themselves.'

We asked what she meant. 'You know how it is—they all think it's one big sexual orgy. Single blokes are the worst. They have hardly arrived before they are asking "Where's the action?" or "Where's it at?" When you ask them what they mean they are a bit shy but eventually let you know it is the nudist beach they are after and what they are sure goes on there.'

'The married blokes, they are different. The ones with pretty wives are in a dilemma. They want to go to the nudist beaches too





but don't want to take their wives. Usually they slope along early in the morning alone—just to take a peek without their wives knowing. But that hardly helps because at our beach early in the morning there's no sun and consequently no nudists—the cliffs where the popular spots are shade the beach at that hour.

'The ones with just ordinary wives try to talk them into going to the beach. But the wives are always suspicious. After all what did they buy that new bikini for—if not to wear it. And wear it they will. Yes they are quite happy to go to the nudist beaches provided they don't have to strip. Unfortunately for them the rest of the nudists get pretty shirtly if visitors fail to undress. It's a pity really. If they could only try it with their clothes for a bit—they would probably peel off eventually.

'The wise guys come up to me and ask if I have visited the beach. I tell them I go there every spare minute I have. They then suggest I talk to their wives for them. I've even been offered a hundred dollars by an American if I succeeded. I can't do it. Firstly because I don't want to and secondly because I think my courier job might be affected.

'But I have to admit I earn a bit out of modelling for the odd camera freak. As you can see from the pictures I usually get away from the nudist beach proper. I know several places where it is perfectly safe to go nude. Yugoslavia is just like other European countries—few people go further from their cars than a couple of hundred yards. So if you're prepared to walk a bit and scramble over the white rocks you'll soon find a safe place away from the sometimes overbearing official nudists.'

What makes you say they are overbearing?

'Some nudists are funny. They all carry cameras and are just itching to take pictures. But they are frightened to in case others object. And others always do object because they hate to see someone else getting away with what they don't dare. Isn't that crazy?'

Perhaps they don't want people back home to know they are nudists?

'In this day and age? I can't believe it. I tell everyone I'm a nudist and no one ever objects. On the contrary most ask how they can get into it. I say that if you're a nudist you should have the courage of your convictions and not be frightened of any publicity. This hole in the corner thing makes outsiders wonder what we are doing that we are ashamed of. Nudism is beautiful, and so is truth.'







FEMINISM AND OTHER THINGS



Take your girl to a nudist resort
before you marry her. After, it
may be too late.

A NATOMY is destiny.' Do you know who said that? Yes, it was Sigmund Freud.

He thought (he believed in a Divine Creator, remember) that because of the shape of the male and female genitals, a penis was 'meant' to fit into a vagina. Men seem to have always found it perfectly satisfactory to have sex the way they were 'meant' to, and therefore women who didn't were not 'real' women and not fulfilling their destiny.

I have a great admiration for the hard-working granddaddy of psycho-analysis. He strived to understand and define female sexuality, and the pity of it is that his conclusions were believed for so long. People still argue that



As you may have gathered from the title, Susan Mayfield has mounted her lily white charger and unfurled the banner of Women's Liberation. She takes a wry look at males with broken lances and suggests they fight on, regardless. It's nothing less than their duty, she thunders. Later Susan wanders (via a reader's letter) onto a Nature Reserve. The local press has reported it as a Nudist Reserve. Susan chats to the lady warden and enquires about the local 'flora and fauna'.

O.K.—challenge accepted.

For many hundreds of years, women have lain under their men in the darkness of nights, getting some sort of pleasure from watching their men climax, even though they had no satisfaction themselves. But now women are becoming more outspoken, the tables are turned. It's up to the men to provide the goods.

And what is happening? The

men are saying they can't make love without an erect penis. (The feminists say that male inadequacy masks hostility; men still want to control the love-making occasions. They never used to take much notice when women said they weren't sexually aroused.) Of course sexual intercourse defined as male penetration can't take place without an erect penis but love-making can.

All the recent research has discovered that women like clitoral stimulation. What makes a woman reach a sexual climax is caressing of the clitoris. You can rub her pleasure button, as it has been aptly nicknamed, with your fingers or your tongue as well as with the action of your penis. Don't use your fingers, as in 'finger-fucking' to imitate the action of sexual intercourse, but to stimulate—



Flora giving passable imitation of local fauna.

anatomy is destiny, and one of my dearest wishes is that I could convince the world that nobody is 'meant' to do anything in sex—except perhaps enjoy themselves!

My thoughts were triggered off in this direction by the following letter:

'In your latest column (Vol. 79, No. 8) you say "I tell all my correspondents that they can satisfy their women with their fingers or their tongues and not to be so self-centred." Well, I tried finger-fucking my girlfriend (I don't know the proper word for it) and she didn't like it. So come on Susan! Stop being so mysterious and tell us ordinary chaps exactly how we are to use our fingers (and tongues) to satisfy women.'

gently!—your girlfriend's clitoris. Oh—and keep your fingernails short!

I am not an absolutely dedicated feminist myself, but I do think the movement consists of women who are sensible enough to think things out for themselves instead of being limited by what they are told is right. Or wrong. Anyway, letters like the following make me very cross on behalf of my sex:

'The other night my boyfriend and I were making love and, not to put it too delicately, I got carried away and started to masturbate. I started to rub myself to a climax. As I say, I was carried away. But my boyfriend got really upset about this. He said that masturbation is

wrong when you have a loving partner to look after you, and in future I was to let him do it. But the thing is, he doesn't get it quite exactly right! But he was so upset I thought it would be easier to pretend that I'd reached a climax. I have masturbated since I was a teenager and I've never thought of it as being wrong before. He's made me feel so guilty. What can I do?'

There is a hint in your boyfriend's attitude that he feels that your masturbation is something competing with him for your attention. So you must reassure him every step of the way that he is a wonderful lover and then he won't feel at all threatened by your behaviour.

Secondly, you need to convince him that masturbation is good simply because you enjoy it, whether he's around or not. You might be able to get this message over by persuading him to make love to himself while you watch. Say things to him like 'I'm sure I'll never be able to do it as well as you? Will you teach me?' The best relationships are reciprocal, and after a while you can suggest that he is honoured to be able to watch you.

It worries me that you stress in your letter that it was only when you were carried away sexually, that you started to masturbate. Do you secretly think that self-love is only all right under the pressure of undue sexual arousal?

Please don't feel guilty. Double-please; don't let your man make you feel guilty either.

Now for something completely different. A letter from Switzerland about a wife who refuses to be converted:

'Thank you for your kind reply to my letter. You suggested ways to introduce my wife to naturism. I have been to Yugoslavia by boat with my wife and friends. While on board I took a refreshing sea-water shower from a bucket and was lying nude on the deck to get dry. My wife discovered me. "Oh my God," she said, "Stop it." Later I steered the boat to the resort of Rovinj. Beautiful. All the people were as naked as they were born. I said to my wife: "Look over there,



all those people are naked." She didn't reply but said afterwards that she was unconverted. At home the weather was hot and I sunbathed on our terrace. My wife took off only her bra. I said "Sit down here quietly by me, in the nude." She said "That's no good for the female genitals, exposing them to the sun may provoke cancer." I started to laugh and said, "I've been exposed to the sun for years, but have not got cancer." The other day my wife said: "Would you practice naturism?" "Yes!" I said. She replied, "You Northern types are really different, you take no care like Southern individuals, I am a Catholic!" Nudism is nothing to do with religion, nudism is no pornography



and all those people on the beach were not there to make love in the open air, they leave that for bed-time. I want to go ahead with my naturism, but how? If I go to other resorts alone, it takes at least a week to get there and back and if my wife knew that I'd been and seen other nudists, good heavens!

In a way I feel really sorry for your wife. All her ideas about nudity and religion are being challenged by your behaviour.

This must be a really confusing time for her. I expect she is worried about you; I wouldn't be surprised if she considers your interest in naturism an obsession.

Couldn't you contact your nearest sun club and ask some of the lady members to come and have a chat to your wife? She is prepared to consider going topless—for a strictly brought-up Catholic lady that's some achievement, isn't it? I don't think she is

seriously afraid of cancer, it's just that naturism boils down to revealing her vulva, and she's been brought up in such a way that she has to make any excuse to avoid that. Do keep telling your wife what a wonderful figure she has. Praise her suntan and tell her how attractive she would be if she were brown all over. She only has to get over that final hurdle of taking off every last scrap in public. It's not easy for her!

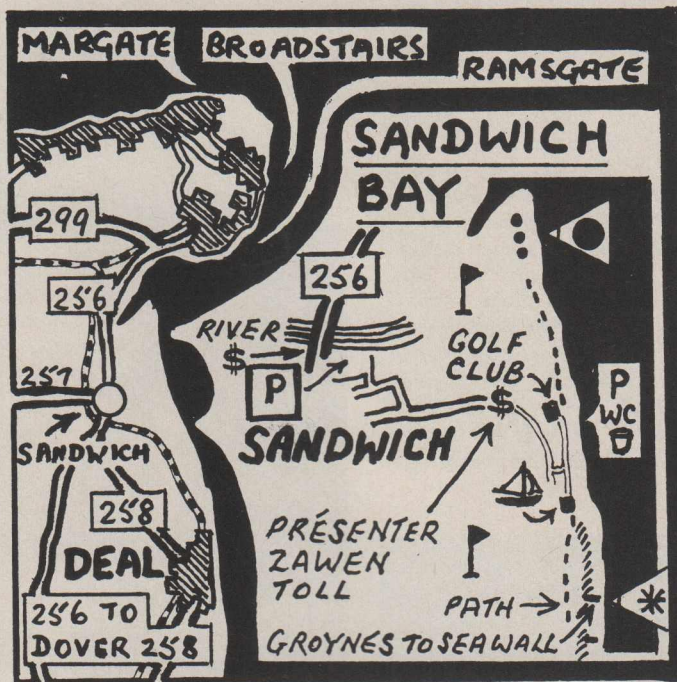
An even more stalwart lady:

'The other day I took my wife to a national nature reserve on the coast, where there is a beach suitable for nude sunbathing. The nudists lie in the sandhills and the local press have reported their activities. As we went along the path I thought I should mention the nudes as a precaution and the reply was: "I thought it was funny when I saw the words nature reserve, I thought it would have something to do with your naturism. If I see any nudes I shall turn back." We plodded on, I fearing that a nude like a roaring lion would pounce upon us at any turning in the path. We met a lady warden and were chatting to her about the flora and fauna of the district. Then I asked if the nude sunbathers were a nuisance. Her reply was "They are no trouble at all. It has been going on for some years now, but the people who come to look are inclined to be a nuisance at times." When we were walking along the beach I did see some nudes in the distance but we did not go into the sandhills where they would have been congregating.'

And here your letter peters out! Do please write and tell us the sequel. Did your wife see the nudes? You must have really good

Sandwich Bay, between Deal and Ramsgate, Kent

Reaching Sandwich from Deal (A258), Dover (A256), or Canterbury (A257)—do not pay toll to cross bridge north on A256, but turn right past riverside parking and sharp right again through narrow lane to road which meets T-junction and you turn left following signs saying golf course. Private estate and toll about 50p per car at entrance. Head for sea front and parking by golf clubhouse has WCs and refreshment van. Old roadway northwards, seaward side of golf clubhouse, is now blocked by big blocks of concrete preventing car access to 'tolerated' nude beach. A long walk of about 2 km north of a barricade seems unnecessary hardship for young families seeking sand at low tide. Less sand south of yacht club, groynes give shelter.



Refreshments



Yacht Club



Pay Kiosk

eyesight if your eager eyes spotted them and hers didn't. Or did they? And *did* she turn back? Maybe

she pretended not to notice them. Perhaps, like me, she is inclined to agree with the lady warden

that the people who go to look at the nudists are the ones that cause the nuisance.

We continue our feature designed to bring you little known beaches around our shores. These have been collected and arranged by Phil Vallack. We hope to bring you a new beach every month. Make sure you get your copy every month and build up your own personal list of locations. Remember too we have a competition offering £5 for any selected beach picture you may send us. Mark on the back of each print (black and white only please) your name and address and the location of the beach. Make sure you have the permission of every recognisable person to publication. You must state this with your submission. Send your pictures to The Editor, H&E International, Peenhill Ltd., 8-9 East Harding Street, London, EC4A 3AS.



BEING A MALE MODEL

Is it the glamour?

Not really. It's extremely hard physical work.

The rewards?

Well it all adds up. But the official basic rate per hour is not much more than a good charwoman gets.

Why do you do it then?

Vanity, I suppose.

You mean you just like being looked at?

That's it. Ever since I was a boy, people have been telling me my body's beautiful (or 'well-proportioned' or 'interesting' if they didn't want to lay it on too thick), so I thought I might as well turn it to account. I'll admit that the first time I went as a figure model—the Central School of Arts & Crafts in London was the first to sign me on, bless them—I fainted. I thought the session lasted three-quarters of an hour, but it was really an hour, and it just went on and on, minute after eternal minute, with me watching the clock wondering when the master was going to say 'rest'—till I suddenly found myself on the floor being revived with cups of tea by the members of the class.

Like doctors and nurses fainting at their first operation?

Yes. Indeed I hope so—they say the doctors who faint earliest are the most human and make the best doctors afterwards. Anyway it taught me my first useful lesson: never watch the clock—it goes much slower if you do.

What hours do you work then?

10.00 to 4.30 is a normal art school day, and there's more work in the evening if you want it. Once the schools know you can be relied on to do your stuff, and to keep your dates, there's almost unlimited work going.

But they let you rest sometimes?

Yes, the actual posing periods in one day would be 10.00 to 11.00; 11.15 to 12.00; 12.15 to 1.00; 2.00 to 2.45; 3.00 to 3.45; 4.00 to 4.30. All these periods in the same position of course. And since painters and sculptors work very slowly, in these classes the same position has to be held perhaps the whole of two days every week for the whole eight-week term.

And you have to stand or sit still for each of these five periods? I don't think I could sit quite still for five minutes, let alone an hour on end.

No, probably you couldn't. It takes practice. I suppose I'm very dumbwitted to be able to do it at all. But to stay still without fidgeting is what they pay you for. If you twist or turn or sway slightly, or resume your position



after a rest a bit different from what it was before, you can throw a sculptor out quite badly. Because their work is static—just the opposite of what you are, a nervous, quivering human being.

But whatever do you think about all the time?

Oh well... sex, I suppose. It's hypocritical to pretend that healthy people of our age don't think a lot about sex. Where would H&E be if we didn't?

Touché. Anything else you think about?

Other talents

Well, I make up little songs and tunes—I've had bits of music published in America—and think out how to write difficult letters, and generally plan my various other activities.

Which are?

I design and sell scraps of trendy underwear and sports gear for men—the sort of thing you can't ever find in shops. I model sports clothes, get photographed in the nude by amateurs quite a lot, escort visitors to London (which I know very well), sell my nude figure studies all over the world (the colour ones are specially popular in France for some reason), I love scorching round town on my little yellow Vespa scooter, I go to the ballet when I can afford it, I'm mad about new clothes, specially black leather, and suntanned girls and physical perfection of every kind and...

PERSONAL VIEW

It must be strange to find bits and pieces of yourself scattered around parks. But Larry Knight is used to it and without a doubt he has left his mark on this world. But if you think the job of Male Model is easy—try being a flying Lucifer all winter. Then think again.

Just like any ordinary mod young Londoner in fact? You said 'people of our age' just now. What is your age?

Never ask a model his age. Or hers. We are *images*, and we are exactly as old or as young as you think we look—no more, no less. And of course we look different ages in different clothes or positions, or with different lighting. So there you are. Anyway I'll admit to 15!

Very smart reply—I won't press you! Do you do all your figure modelling in art schools?

No, a lot privately as well. And of course it isn't all of me.

What on earth do you mean?

Sometimes it's just the detail of a small part of his model that an artist is interested in. I've been the hands of a major-general whose real hands were too thin and arthritic to look right in his painted portrait—the only time I'm ever likely to put on a general's uniform in this life! I'm the fore-arms of the statue of St. John the Baptist in St. Bride's Church, and the male torso in a new open-air group by Karin Jonzen in the Barbican. I'm the thighs and the crutch and the buttocks of a new bronze of Lucifer by Lucette Cartwright, who I think's by far the finest nude sculptor we have in Britain. I expect you saw her show in Holland Park a few years ago?

No.

Wonderful, really wonderful. Naked boys and girls flying and

diving out of the sky down onto each others' lips, and a bronze of two figures in the sex act together that brought tears to the eyes, it was so tender and lovely.

I must watch for her next show.

Yes do, and when you see Lucifer, think of me suspended naked in that terrifically twisted flying position for a whole week in her ice-cold studio last winter!

Do you pose completely naked?

Yes, of course, since that's what most clients want; though I can assure you that men know just as well as women how to enhance their bodies' attractions with the right kind of mini clothes.

In art schools many models do pose naked, but personally I don't if there are girls in the class. I normally wear a tiny little woollen pouch—the best ones are hand-knitted for me by a wild American in Hawaii, if you want to know. It's not that I mind whether I'm naked or not, but I'm still not sure that girls really like seeing men completely stripped. Most of the pupils in a mixed art school class are girls, and *not* girls who have read H&E or go for its ideals. They might say in public that they didn't mind, but I'd still only strip 100% for them if each girl assured me privately she didn't object.

That sounds rather square.

Well, I am square about my work. Amateur models can do what they like, can turn the whole proceedings into an orgy if they want; but I'm a pro and I live by selling my body. In public I have a job to do, goods to deliver day in and day out, wet or fine, and I have to be scrupulously correct on the job. In private—well, perhaps I'm no less fond of orgies than the next fellow, so long as all those taking part, of both sexes, are beautiful.

And why not indeed? If you were starting again, would you still choose to be a model?

I think so. I'd most like to have been a ballet dancer, but didn't start early enough, and am far too lazy anyway to carry out the endless daily exercises. The point is, as a model I'm *free*. The money isn't always easy and the work takes a lot of chasing—there's no central model agency or bureau, the work all comes to you by personal recommendations only—but I don't have to go every day and get bored in an office. Artists are the nicest and kindest of people to work with, and the most generous—they'd share their last quarter pint of milk with you. One way and another my life is lots of fun.

It must be.

Can tooth decay be prevented? Is fluorinated water the solution or is its cure worse than the disease? Doris M. Kirby takes a look at the latest research into an age old problem. In Finland they have come up with a special sugar which may make tomorrow's kids safe from the terrors of the Dentist's dreaded drill. Unlike our sugars this one not only does not attack the tooth enamel, it is reputed to combat tooth decay. But if all else fails—then carry a cat's skin. Read on and find out why.



OUR SMILES ARE LESS THAN SUNNY

NUDISTS have less chance of nude jaws than over half of the British population. For one of the prime nutrients of healthy teeth is vitamin D.

All of us have ergosterol present in our subcutaneous fat. But it is a Sleeping Beauty unless awakened by Prince Ultra-Violet Light. If we lay bare our total vitamin potential to sunlight, synthesis is uninhibited. Our chances of strong teeth and bones are increased.

When setting off for that 'dreaded visit', we may think there are only two sorts of people. Those who are going to the dentist and those who are not.

The dentist is easily recognisable too. His teeth are all there. His fingers are not. Sometimes even his nose bears bite marks. He works in a danger zone. One most of us are terrified of entering.

There could be even more of him missing. That is if everyone visited him who should. For it is estimated that more than three-quarters of children do not see him for regular check-ups. Their first visit is when they have toothache. Nine out of ten children have decayed teeth before the age of eight.

Some unenlightened parents argue that since milk teeth will fall out anyway, it is a waste of time having faulty ones extracted. So 'rotters' can have eight or nine years to spread a bad influence on their neighbours.

This example of 'the one bad apple' causing problems, is not the only one. Good apples can be dangerous too.

Many of us have eaten our way through pounds of Russets and Golden Delicious. We have believed what we have been taught. 'Apples prevent tooth decay.' The logic behind the thought was that their acid taste triggered off the flow of alkaline saliva. The latter acting as a barrier against acid formed by plaque from our sugar intake.

The *British Medical Journal* has negated this. Their reasoning? The alkaline saliva is only a match for the strong acidity and sugar content of the apple itself. They cancel each other out.

Sugar is still considered to be prime enamel enemy number one. But at Turku University, Finland,



Wine for pleasure—and sunlight for vitamin D.



Isn't it funny how kids can stay in the water all day and never feel the cold.

a natural sugar, has been developed. It is called Xylitol, and is extracted from fruits, birch trees and certain berries. It is reputed actually to prevent decay.

About 125 adults took part in a two-year Finnish project. Some took Xylitol, the others ate ordinary sugar. The first group had nine-tenths less tooth decay than the second.

Many researchers are encouraged by the evidence that even small amounts give benefit. Xylitol appears to produce changes in saliva which actually help not only to prevent, but to repair the early stages of dental decay.

Sophisticated experiments on this project contrast with the more basic old-fashioned advice found in folk-lore books. For example.

Never be caught without a cat's skin. If you are, they point out, you would have nothing to hold against your face if struck with toothache. The warmth of this natural poultice was considered very comforting.

Although it was considered an omen that you would be wealthy if a coin could be inserted between your two front teeth, it was unlucky to count your teeth. Tricky if you happen to be counting them in your sleep.

It was an ancient Derbyshire custom for folks to preserve their teeth in jars until their demise. After which the teeth were put into their coffins and buried with them. They wanted to look their best on arrival, and be prepared

for whatever sort of food they were offered to eat.

Mothers also preserved their young children's teeth in jars. Believing that the Heavenly auditors would demand and vet an account of all the teeth supplied whilst on earth.

It was also held that if teeth were lost in a dream, your best friend would also be lost.

Over 50% of those under 21 have not one natural tooth in their jaws. In fact, we have the worst teeth in the world. This is at least partly to our personal shame.

Stop the rot

We have access to sources of rich calcium—the natural nutrients for healthy dentition and maintenance. Fresh milk, yoghurt, butter, eggs, cream and cheese are easily obtainable. We have health education too, and dental hygienists attached to most dental practices. But how many of us follow the daily routine they set for us? Dental floss see-sawed gently between our teeth, use a small-headed, soft bristle brush (preferably child's size), clean after every meal, change our brushes often, and visit our dentist bi-annually.

Dental caries—a disfiguring, painful illness, costs one European nation two million working days a year and in England alone, over £140 million to treat. The cost of adding fluoride to our water, would cost but a few pence per head, and is thought by many experts to be the solution to our



Never feel the cold? You must be joking.

oral problems.

Only about one-tenth are supplied with fluorinated water. Many advocate that this should be 'on tap' to everyone. Others denounce it as further pollution, and suggest that it has serious side-effects.

A world-wide scrutiny of medical literature and data from 34 countries already experienced in fluoridation has been undertaken.

Evidence is absent to suggest that this treatment causes heart disease or cancer.

Sixty years ago a less advanced method of prevention was pursued. A potato was carried in one's pocket as a talisman against toothache. Moaning molars were extracted for sixpence. Total clearances cost considerably more. But a glass of raw whisky was supplied to provide courage and temporary anaesthesia.

If money was short, a piece of strong thread was tied to the aching tooth and a stout door handle. The door was slammed to, and sixpence saved.

The lamentable condition of

our teeth has triggered off endless investigation. And hopes are raised that for the next generation toothache could be as rare as smallpox and diphtheria.

Tooth prints?

Trials are so encouraging that within five years a programme of immunisation could be started. A tooth-decay prevention injection would be given at the age of about six months, before dentition has started. The erupting teeth would then be cut ready protected. It is hoped that older children and adults can also receive injections to halt the progress of decay.

For over 12 years Professor Thomas Lehner has had a high success rate against tooth decay in monkeys. His researches have traced the bacteria *streptococcus mutans* as the caries culprits.

His planned regime would be an initial injection at the same time as the triple protection is given for tetanus, whooping cough and diphtheria, followed by boosters throughout life.

Merck Sharp and Dohme, an American drugs company, are pursuing similar trials. Protection of rats' teeth has been about 60% successful. They would like the American National Institute for Dental Research to start immunising children this year.

Professor Lehner is more cautious. His injections, he emphasises, must be coupled with a severe curtailment of intake of sugar, sticky cakes, confectionery and sweetened fruit drinks. Regular qualified dental inspection will always be a *must*. The dentists' jobs will never be in jeopardy.

The longer we retain our teeth the more evidence there could be against us if we commit crimes. They can be more incriminating than fingerprints.

John Furness, experienced as a consultant dental surgeon and lecturer in forensic odontology at Liverpool University, explained why teeth are an almost infallible guide to identification. The 32 adult teeth with which we have been blessed have singularly individual characteristics in size and

shape. Fillings, cappings, extractions and crowning, render the chances of finding two people with perfectly matching dental patterns, as remote as one in two billion!

A highly experienced burglar with more than 60 crimes to his discredit, took care not to leave one fingerprint as evidence. He did, however, discard the remains of an apple. His bite marks gave him away.

Is Hitler still alive? This question was posed until almost 27 years after his death was established.

Reidar Sognnaes, Professor of Anatomy and Oral Biology at the University of California, finally cleared up the doubt. In 1972 while searching through official records in Washington, he chanced upon a clue as to the whereabouts of X-rays of Hitler's head. He found them in Suitland, a small town in Maryland. They were taken after the attempt to assassinate him in 1944. Hitler's remaining teeth and distinguishing bridgework were clearly visible on the films. They tallied in the minutest detail with the description given both by Hitler's personal dentist, Dr. Blaschke, and a Russian autopsy report. The latter was included in a book published in 1968, *The Death of Adolf Hitler — Unknown Documents from Soviet Archives*. An autopsy is a post mortem examination.

Crocodile jaws?

Although dental neglect is our personal responsibility, not all oral deterioration is our fault. Certain essential medications carry teeth hazards by destroying calcium and bone cells. On this account cortisone and some drugs used in the treatment of psychiatric illnesses have to be carefully monitored. Oral iron too, can badly stain teeth. This method is now very curtailed, and if no alternative can be found, it is taken through a straw. The loss of a tooth was often accepted as part of the price of producing a baby, but now calcium and cod liver oil are given to prevent this.

Preventative dentistry is so active yet we still sit in that dreaded chair too frequently for our comfort. Glancing from the upside-down-face of the dentist to the menacing drill, have you ever asked yourself a very pertinent question?

Why cannot our teeth follow the same pattern as our nails and hair? Keep renewing themselves automatically.

A dentist once replied to that question. The answer was unacceptable. You would need the same jaw structure as a crocodile. That is much too way out for a way out.



CLOTHES MAKETH THE GIRL

There is an old saying which suggests that clothes make the man. But the following dialogue between Gudrun and Ilse from Hanover suggests they make the girl even more. Our confirmed nudist lasses find that being without clothes has its disadvantages. How can you tell what a girl is like without any clothes on, they ask. In the end they decide it is more a problem for girls than for men.



GUDRUN is the pretty one with flowers in her hair. Ilse is the other pretty one.

We asked them what they liked about nudism.

'Rather ask us what we don't like,' said Gudrun, 'we have just been talking about that.'

O.K. what don't you like?

'The missing clothes,' said Ilse with a laugh, 'we have just decided that though we love the freedom of nudity, there is something missing.'

'It's like this,' interrupted Gudrun, 'when people have got their clothes on you know what kind of person they are. That goes especially for women. Here you meet people nude and you haven't a clue.'

'For instance,' said Ilse, 'you must have met the Miss Cover-up. This is the lass who tries to hide her body. Neck to knee dress, usually baggy. Always moaning about how long dresses are most feminine and waiting for the ankle



length fashion to return. She is the last sort of person to make a nudist—that must be obvious of course. But there is more to it than that. Miss Cover-up, is sure she has a poor figure, whether she has or not. Peculiar isn't it?

'What about the Punk?' said Gudrun. 'How can you tell a Punk in the nude?' 'Easy,' said Ilse, 'they probably wear a safety pin through their nostrils.' 'Or a padlock somewhere else,' quipped Gudrun. 'You're irreverent,' said Ilse, 'I'll have you know Punk girls are really rather serious. I know, my sister is one and she is a myoptic idealist.'

'It must be confusing for the men,' said Gudrun. 'What if a man prefers the feminine type . . . like me I mean. I love pretty dresses, frilly skirts and blouse. I never wear trousers. Jeans do nothing for me. I suppose I'm old fashioned, but men who prefer the feminine type like that. But nude, how can I advertise what





I'm like?"

'You manage well enough dear, quite well enough,' said Ilse with mock seriousness.

Gudrun ignored the remark and continued, 'then there is the jeans and jumper girl. Outside the nudist resort as soon as you see that kind of girl you know exactly how she is. A bit scruffy. Not interested in looking pretty. Pretends no interest in men but all the same wears crotch tight

trousers—a dead give away.'

'What I really miss,' said Gudrun 'is the type who is always with-it. Always into the latest gear. Always reading up on fashion and hopping into it smartly before anyone else. Usually looks a freak to people like me. But they *are* super confident. Arrogant even. Without the clothes how can you tell what a girl is like. Makes it difficult. You can only go by her looks and

that is worse than useless. You can judge older people by their looks—over the years they get the faces they deserve. But not the young. She can have a most feminine face and when you speak to her you find she is a confirmed women's lib man-hater. It's confusing.'

'If it's difficult for us, I wonder how the men manage?' said Gudrun again.

'A fellow I know,' said Ilse, 'he

says all men can be divided into three basic types. There's the leg man. He is intellectual, artistic and emotional. Then there is the man who is turned on by bottoms. He just loves the crotch tight jeans girls. He's aggressive, dominant and chauvinistic to a degree. Finally, you have the breast man—shy and domestic.'

'A nudist resort must be paradise for all of them,' concluded Ilse rather sadly.







NATURIST TRAVEL

SMALL~COSY INTIMATE

Large Nudist holiday resorts are fine. Lance Ridgeway loves them—now and again. And mainland resorts are great too. But for some the ideal is always both an island and small in scale. Yugoslavia is a land with an abundance of islands, many if not most, totally uninhabited and useless. Useless except for nudism. Near the fascinating town of Korcula—*itself on an island*, you will find the popular nudist island known to most as 'Stupa'.

YUGOTOURS, the travel outfit, used to run a special brochure on nudist resorts. It covered the well known ones. Like Porec, Medulin, Koversada, Ada, Rovinj and Hvar. The brochure also contained a map giving the locations of these nudist holiday resorts.

They are divided into two kinds—those known as 'enclosed nudist centres' and those called 'holiday resorts with naturist beaches'. The difference is simply that the first are entirely nudist with accommodation, etc., open to nudists only. The second are rather

different. Here you will find hotels where all the guests are apparently non-nudist. But somewhere near lies a beach—and that will be for the nudists.

So far as I know, Yugoslavia is the only European country providing these convenient nudist



Some of the few trees on the island and faintly in the background the town of Korcula.



This small jetty serves the nudist island. Here day visitors return to their hotels.

beaches. But they can hardly take all the credit. Most of these beaches were started by German visitors who sought out a secluded bay or island where they could be undisturbed. In time these beaches grew to have a semi-official or even an official status.

Sometimes a small charge was made—each visitor having to pay a few dinars. This money was used to provide basic facilities like concrete aprons and toilets. Concrete is poured over the very rough and sharp rocks to make sunbathing easier. Yugoslavia, unfortunately, has few sandy beaches. Nearly all are rocky and the rocks can be knife sharp. Make sure you take with you some footwear that can be worn right into the water.



As in other parts of the world, the nudists found themselves landed with the worst parts of the coastline. If it was any good then almost without exception it had already been occupied by the textiles. So these amenities are more than usually needed.

Hotels

With that introduction, let us look immediately at the Island of Korcula. It is situated roughly half way between Split and Dubrovnik and has only one town of tourist note. It too is called Korcula. Numerous hotels among them the 'Marco Polo' (Korcula is his reputed birth place) and the 'Park' are situated just outside the old town. A little further out you have the 'Bon Repos'—a two

star hotel about two miles from the jetty of Korcula town. The beach here is probably the best on the island—but non-nudist.

To go nude you will have to visit the island of Stupa. This is made particularly easy for you by a boat usually moored at the jetty of the Hotel Parc. Since the Hotel Marco Polo is within walking distance of the same jetty the boat serves both hotels. The Bon Repos is a bit far for walking if you are carrying gear for the day, but fortunately there is what is known as a 'water taxi'. This runs pretty well as frequently as it can between Bon Repos and Korcula town. On the way it will pass the Hotel Parc's jetty. You can ask to be let off here.

The boat taking you to the

island is larger and can be identified by its large FKK sign. This boat travels out to the island about as frequently as it is needed. This of course varies with the time of the year. Early and late in the season you may have to put up with only one trip about 9 a.m. and one return about 4.30 in the afternoon.

Jaws

But while speaking of boats, be warned. Always inquire the cost of your trip before embarking. There is a water taxi operating like a shark picking up unwary passengers and fleecing them at leisure. For instance you may ask the price to be taken to the island and be quoted the equivalent of £3. Your wife and you feeling

this is a bit much, but on holiday you can afford it once, jump aboard. When you get back the taxi man tells you the fare is the equivalent of £12. He explains that it is £3 for one person one way, so. . . .

Few know that private enterprise is allowed in Yugoslavia. It is restricted to firms of less than five. A lone wolf taxi—water bourne—can charge what he likes or what he thinks your pocket can bear. Best way is always to go with others who know the ropes. The normal fare from the Hotel Parc by their boat is 20 dinars return.

The boat takes about half an hour to the island. As you approach the island looks most attractive. The waters all around

are a rich blue. The island stands out with its white rocks and crest of greenery. It is one of the few islands around these parts with any vegetation at all. At one end of the island is a red painted shipping light. The boat will usually land you at the other end.

The island itself is totally unremarkable. It is about 200 metres long and about half that in width. At its highest point it appears to rise only about 10 metres from the sea line. But beyond are the mountains of the mainland and they are some 1,500 metres high. Grey, forbidding but impressive.

Directions

Where you land is the flattest part of the island. Here too are located the only WCs on the island. Who knows who built them, and what is more important, who knows who vandalised them. But unless they have been replaced they are totally destroyed. It comes as a surprise to find this sort of wilful vandalism in Yugoslavia. One is left with the thought that visitors rather than locals might have been responsible.

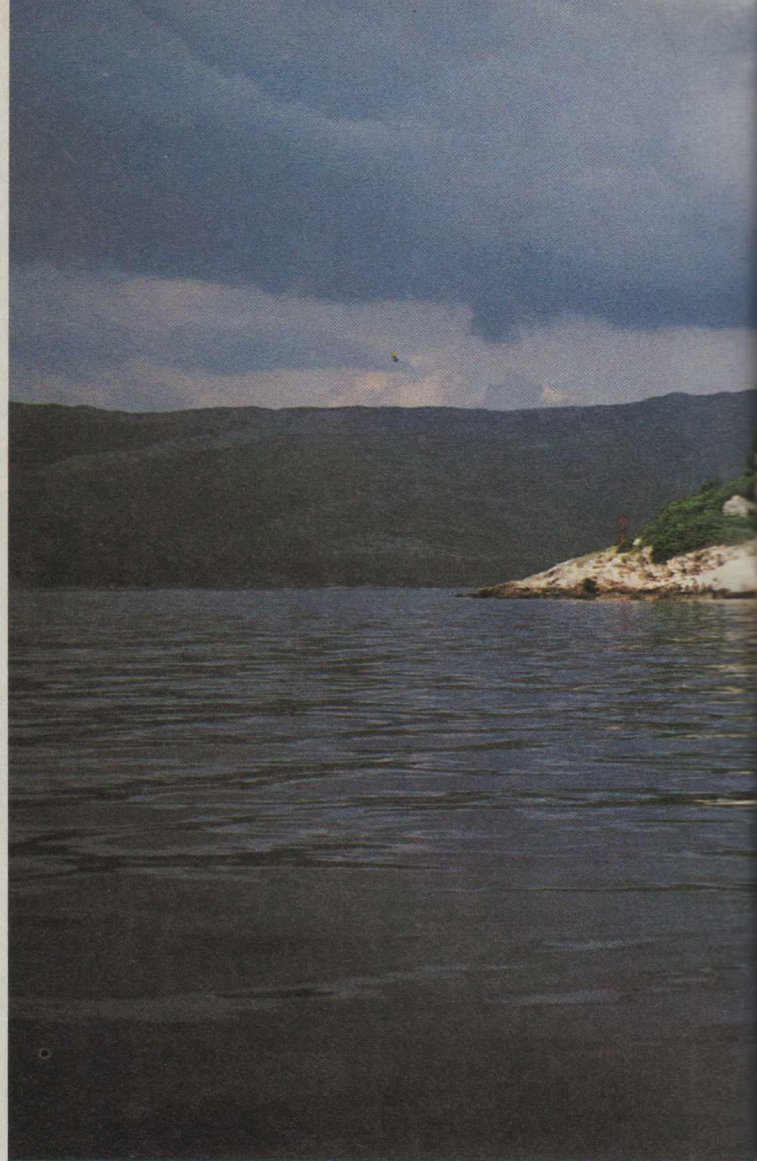
The island reminded me a little of a minute Isle de Levant. You can walk right around the island following a well worn path. You will encounter plenty of variety, but limited shade from the fierce midday sun. There are some trees at the top of the island, but they

are likely to have been occupied long before your arrival. So take with you your own protection from the sun. In the season the island gets overcrowded so you are advised to avoid August. If you have to use that month it may be worth your while asking if there are other nudist beaches in the vicinity. I know for certain there are. For instance there is one about half way between Korcula and Stupa. Unfortunately I was unable to visit it on my last trip, so I'm quite unable to tell you more.

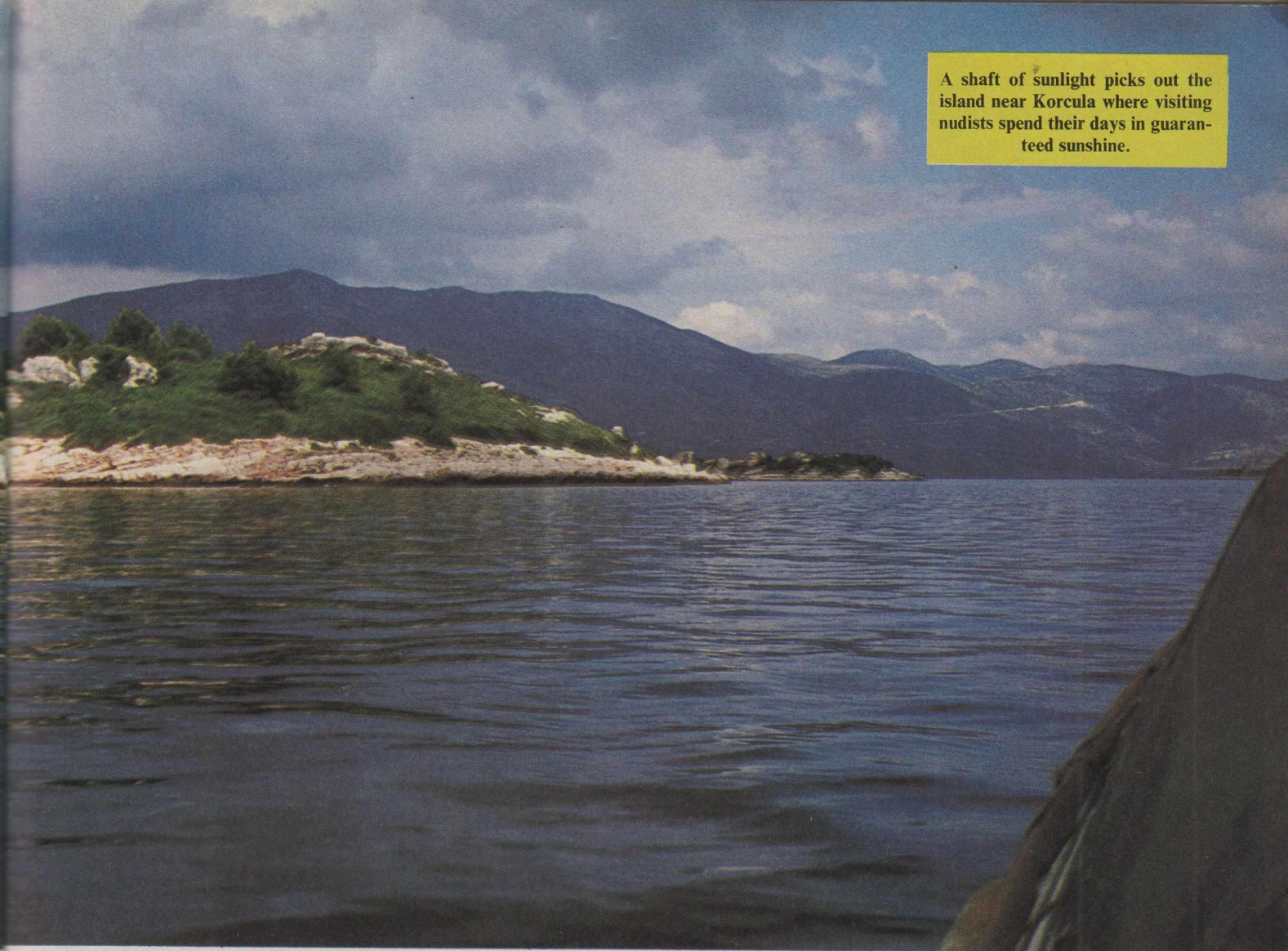
Nudist beaches beside normal holiday resorts are becoming the accepted thing in Yugoslavia. I was told by a member of the Atlas tourist agency that there are now more than 4,000 known nudist beaches scattered around Yugoslavia. He said no one knows the exact number especially since they increase every year.

This may at least partly explain why Yugotours have this year failed to bring out their special nudist holiday guide. Readers will remember this featured holidays in resorts where nudists only were catered for as well as resorts with a nearby nudist beach. When every resort has a nearby nudist beach it seems pointless to produce a special guide.

And it does raise the question— is there any future for the 'enclosed' or nudity only resort? I suppose only the future will tell.



A visitor pauses to look across to the mainland town of Orebic. In the background the road you will travel over the mountains.




A shaft of sunlight picks out the island near Korcula where visiting nudists spend their days in guaranteed sunshine.

In Yugoslavia we now have the two operating side by side. One thing is certain, the nudity only resorts will never be able to compete with the luxury hotels which over the past 20 years have sprung up all around the coast. On the contrary the nudity only establishments have a tradition of roughing it. It was rightly assumed that the holiday nudist so valued his chance to go nude that he would put up with primitive conditions.

Well, the primitive conditions still exist on most of the unorganised nudist beaches. But this too is changing. As the beaches get more popular the Yugoslavs themselves start to provide amenities funding the improvements by a small entry charge.

With beach nudity a growing custom all over the world, we might even ask if the enclosed club in Europe can survive. It may be that what is happening now in Yugoslavia will provide at least a clue to the answer.

How to get there? Book through any agency for a holiday in Korcula, Yugoslavia. I can recommend the three hotels mentioned. However, there is another town with holiday accommodation about the same distance from the island. Its name is Orebic.



If you are in any doubt this red painted shipping light will enable you to identify the island. It is possible to land near here, but the main jetty is at the other end.

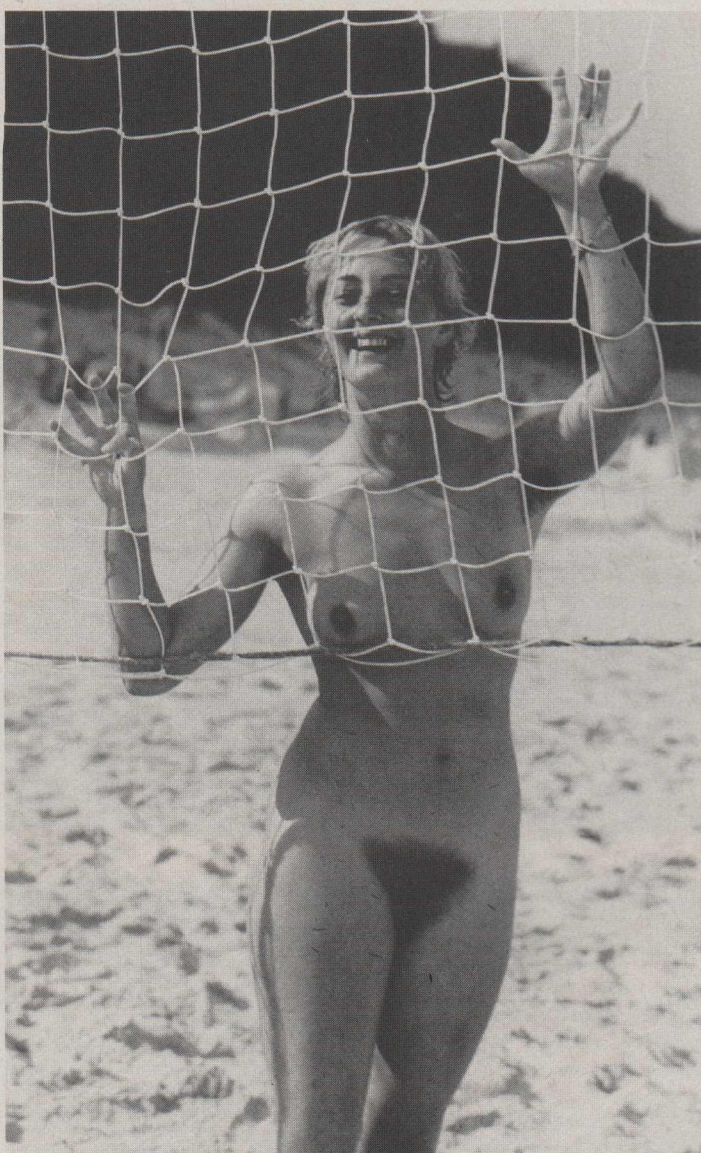
Maggie Stilwell looks forward to the situation on Europe's beaches next summer. She looks at the position in Spain and Portugal and suggests that since one Catholic country has taken to Nudism—perhaps Italy, with its falling tourist trade, may be forced to welcome the nudists. Further afield, for those who like it really hot (say 33 degrees C) Maggie takes a brief look at Jamaica where the Negril Beach Village is out to welcome the nudists.

WITH all those satellites wizzing around in space, you would think they could come up with better weather forecasts. Now perhaps they will. Meteosat is sitting over the equator right on the Greenwich meridian and beaming our weather reports. This satellite sends out pictures of the weather conditions by means of a photograph every half hour. Land masses and cloud formations are clearly visible.

A computer installation at Darmstadt, Federal Germany picks up the signals. It is then possible to do a play-back on the weather of the last 24 hours for instance. TV viewers could find themselves watching a speeded up version of the last day's weather—and by implication they could guess the future. Similar information is being picked up at Bracknell, England, but whether France is in on the act is unknown. Perhaps when summer comes around again, the weather forecasters will do a more reliable job than ever before. And perhaps they won't.

Certainly at this time of the year we can hardly expect to do any nude sunbathing. But we can look forward to next summer's conditions. Things are changing fast. The coming summer will sort out a lot of the facts from the rumours. For instance, there is the continuing mystery of Spain. What is really happening there? At one and the same time we get reports of a drive towards nudity on selected beaches and then reports of arrests. For instance newspapers splashed a Reuter piece saying that nudity on Spain's beaches would soon attract nothing more than a few raised eyebrows. But in the same week came reports of arrests in Ibiza. Some 19 nude sunbathers were arrested after a local women's organisation petitioned the police to enforce the law.

We have reports that the law in Spain is to be changed. At the same time we have reports that the law will remain but a 'blind eye' will be turned to nude sunbathing. Other reports say that



nudist areas will be set aside *for nudists only*. This we understand is happening at Almeria. Still further gossip suggests that all will go well for the nudists unless complaints are made. The complaints we are reliably informed come not from the Spanish, who are used to foreign freaks, but from expatriot English and German residents who are reputed to be exceptionally puritan.

Will someone who has some hard facts on the situation kindly write to me: Maggie Stilwell, Peenhill, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, EC4, England.

I will certainly pass on any good or bad news to our readers in Germany, France, England, and the rest of the world. The truth is that many of us living in north Europe would love to return to Spain for our holidays. But because of the lack of nudist facilities most of us have preferred the south of France or Yugoslavia. Moreover, nudists are invariably adventurous types, and new places fascinate them—especially when they are cheap places.

Just across the border in Portugal the bras are dropping

and nudity on the beaches can't be far behind. The beach at Capa Rica—all 20 miles of it—saw a lot of semi-nudity last summer. An area as great as that is difficult to patrol. The authorities couldn't prevent a bit of discreet nudity. A spokesman for the tourist trade commented that Portugal took rather the opposite view to Spain. They, the Portuguese, don't mind nudity on family beaches because these are likely to be quiet areas and discreet. For instance the Costa Verde may accept nudity, but don't try it at Portugal's top resort of Algarve. Here you keep even your bra on.

Certainly all along the beaches of France's Mediterranean shore nudity and near nudity has been spreading. Perhaps this is the reason why last summer the peepers at the Isle de Levant fell to an all-time low. 80,000 of them still flock there, but they are less and less interested in the nudes. They go to look at the natural beauty of Port-Cros the next door neighbour. If its nudity they are after, they no longer have to make the sometimes difficult crossing from Le Lavandou.

How long will it take the rest of the world to follow Europe's nude lead? Not long, if reports are to be believed. Already in Jamaica we have the Negril Beach Village. Here you can swim, sail, water ski, ride, dance and sunbathe nude. Yes, and you can drink too. All told they have five bars including one in the swimming pool. The editor tells me we have a 'personal view' coming up from a young man in Jamaica who has such an astonishing story to tell that it is being checked for accuracy. If one of our readers cares to know more then they should contact Jamaica Holidays. Two weeks in summer (and a temperature of around 33°C) costs from £720 all meals included. On your way back pick up one of Air Jamaica's tee shirts. Across the front it reads 'I feel good all over'.

But if you want something different, just continue on to the States and try to find Leigh Sharon—the new Miss Nude

NEXT SUMMER—The



Nudist Breakthrough?



International. London's newspaper the *Daily Mail* reported that she has 'a pulse troubling trick of strolling around shopping centres in the buff' or doing her mermaid bit in public fountains. . . . Unfortunately, the *Mail* forgot to mention exactly where.

Never mind. At this time of the year it's hard to imagine anyone strolling around nude. And at this time of the year the people who make and promote clothes are at their finest. Next summer's fashions are being staged right now. And this winter they tell us that nudity is on the way out. You can't blame them. Ever since the nudity craze hit the beaches of St. Tropez they have been suffering nightmares. And ever since they have been muttering with the despair of a drowning man—it ain't happening. After all, if you were selling mini bikinis at a hundred pounds a throw, wouldn't you have a fit if the girls decided to throw them off for good.

Ever on the look-out for good news the shirt manufacturers say they have detected a decrease in nudity-in-the-bedroom. Night at-



tire—as they call it—is now being designed to be worn at cocktail parties. Really? Do they still have cocktail parties somewhere in the world? Or are the parties really a little less innocent than they seem and the ‘night attire’ the easiest thing to get out of?

And talking of getting out, a farmer in Narbonne in south-west France had a brush with the nudists. It was reported last summer that ‘hundreds of nudists swarmed into his fields’. It seems the farmer was a typically dumb yokel. He didn’t want them. Elsewhere in the world, less dumb farmers have discovered you can milk the nudists for more money than the cows. Still this farmer wanted them out. He succeeded—he brought in the bull. Just as well he didn’t bring in a polar bear. Tourists get everywhere now and recently Norway has seen them climbing ashore in their far northern lands. They are unwelcome since the small townships are hardly prepared for the teeming tourist trade. One tourist heard a bear sniffing around his tent so went out to shoo him away. Normally these bears don’t recognise the existence of humans. But



this one must have been hungry. He tucked the fellow under his arm, swam to a nearby ice flow—and ate him.

And if you wonder what that's got to do with nudism, let me say I'm just suggesting you stick to warm climes. Like South Africa perhaps who presently are enjoying their summer. From there come news of what might perhaps be the last of the streakers. It happened in Krugersdorp a place near Johannesburg. The streaker spotted a number of track suited lasses at exercise. Ideal victims. He went into his streak. How was he to know they were women police? Constable Susan Becker, a champion athlete grabbed him. The charge—public indecency.

Perhaps a little public indecency would help the Italians? Now that Spain looks like going nude on the beaches, will Italy follow? For the truth is Italy's tourist trade is collapsing. Last summer it has been estimated their tourists stayed away in droves. Two million Italians live on the tourist who spends £2,560 million all told. Last summer hotels lost up to a third of their usual bookings. Museums reported takings down by about 23%. Tourists are keeping away, they think, because the streets and the famous monuments are dirty. Striking workers are apt to cause chaos and thieving youngsters on motor-bikes are hardly an attraction. Add to that kidnapping and political murder



Guess what I'm doing?

and anyone can see the Italian package needs some brightening up.

Italians themselves find nowhere they can bathe nude from the beaches and will be leaving Italy's shores for more enlightened ones—perhaps even in Spain. The obvious solution for the authori-

ties is to follow Spain's example and open up to the nudists. The last Pope may have been violently against nudism—but after all he is the last Pope now. And even the most extreme puritan or Bible banger must admit that God made man 'after his own image'. The Bible says so.

30 Years Ago

Our policy

WE believe sunlight is the greatest factor in promoting and retaining radiant health and will do much to improve national health. We believe that complete exposure of the body to the sun under particular circumstances and with respect to propriety is essential to the full benefits to be gained. We desire to inculcate in persons ashamed of their bodies a will to improve and perfect them by sun and exercise, indoors and outdoors. We believe it to be our duty to urge authorities every-

where to provide facilities for sunbathing for the nation. We believe in illustrating the beauty of the human body in a straightforward way to encourage others to follow these examples. We in no way advise or approve any violation of any laws specifically forbidding the practice of complete sunbathing.

H&E January 1949.

(At this date H&E was carrying a cover picture of a fully nude girl. Times were to change. Later H&E was forced to cover up, with girls fully clothed or in a 'bikini'. Ed.)



'Now pretend you're picking something while I take the picture.' Picture taken at Helio Carinthia in Austria.





PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Nudist subject. The prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

SHE MUST SAY YES

This month Murray James interrupts his course in photography to go into the matter of Model Releases. Readers will know that in the Readers' Photographic Contest we ask that all pictures submitted should not only have the photographer's name and address on the back of the print, but also his assurance that the people in the picture have given their permission for the picture to be published. This is a 'model release'. But let Murray James explain further.

READERS who have followed the photographic course will know that we have now arrived at the point where we are about to leave theory behind and move out into live photography. But before we do this I want to take a look at the problems of getting your pictures published.

The first point is, do you, or do you not need permission for publication. The second, much easier, is do you own the copyright?

Let us deal with the second first. You own the copyright of the pictures you take provided they have not been commissioned by someone else. What does this mean in practise? Simply this. If someone approaches you and asks you to take their picture on the understanding that you will get paid for the work, then this is a commission. The copyright belongs to the person commissioning the work. Not to you. In practise the photographer may keep the negatives, but he certainly may not publish the pictures he has taken without the permission of the copyright holder—that is the person who commissioned the work.

But for you as an aspiring figure photographer this would be the exceptional case. No one yet has ever approached me and asked if I will take their picture in the nude for payment. One male did, but we agreed that in return for giving him some pictures, I could use the rest as I wished.

What will generally happen is that you will approach someone and ask them if you can take their picture. Usually you will pay them for their co-operation. Now in this case there is no doubt that you own the copyright. In England there is no need to register it or take any other action. The situation is not the same in the States or perhaps in other countries. But in the United Kingdom no action beyond taking the picture is needed.

So much for copyright. Now what about permission to publish. The first point to note is that should the picture be taken in a public place, no permission is necessary. But since you will hardly be taking your nudes in the main street of your town, this rule is of little use. I say 'little' rather than 'no' use because it can happen that your pictures are taken at the sea-side, or on a public beach. And a public beach remains a public beach whether nudists use it or not. Nevertheless, if you want to be absolutely sure you should get a form signed by your model leaving no doubt in anyone's mind that you are free to publish the pictures.

In order to avoid any trouble you should tell your subject before you even start to photograph that you will want a model release signed. You need not go into detail at this stage. Just clear the matter as necessary and leave it at that.

When you have completed your photographic session, you will be ready to pay your model. You should never pay before the work has been done. Then you should tell your model that she should sign the model release and you will pay her. You must ask her to read through the form thoroughly, so that she knows exactly what she is signing. Ideally the signature should be witnessed and the witness's name and address attached to the form along with the models.

It so happens that it is convenient to make the model release also the receipt form for whatever sum of money you may be paying her. There are various reasons for this which we needn't go into here, but they have a legal significance in the law of contract.

So this brings us to the first and possibly most vital line in the release form. I have three typical model releases in front of me. They all begin with similar words. 'In consideration of having received a fee of £— in return for posing for photographs taken by you . . .' is one. Another reads, 'In consideration of the sum of £— I permit. . . .' A third, from the United States reads, 'In consideration of my engagement as a model by — and the receipt by me of £— I hereby give you. . . .' In all these releases it is made clear that the model has been paid money for the work she has done and has thus entered into a contract.



SMILE PLEASE : : : but
make absolutely sure the
young lady gives you a model
release.



Female

First prize of £10 goes to the photographer of this delightful picture, left.

Second prize of £5 goes to the photographer of the lass below.

Third prize goes to the picture (right) of girl taking a shower.



Nudist Snapshot Prizes

AS usual let us kick off with the female beauty section. Competition is always tough in this category and this month is no exception. You will see we have a particularly good indoor shot which would have gained a higher place but for the fact that it is indoors. We will always give preference to the outdoor setting. But this being mid-winter we couldn't resist this one and placed it third. Second prize of £5 goes to the photographer who caught the lass at the same time as the wave—a fine natural shot. Finally first prize and £10 goes to an unknown photographer who forgot to put his name on the back of the print.

Turning now to the group pictures, I think we have one of the best entries for many months. Third place goes to a United States photographer who took this pleasant picture at their Samagatuma Club. It might have got a higher placing had the background not been so fussy. Second place and £5 goes to the photo-

grapher from Bonn in Germany who snapped this delightful picture at Montalivet tourist resort in France. Again it suffers a little by the disturbing background. Finally first prize again to the States—this time at the Sequoians.

Finally the men. The fellow who looks like part of the backdrop is Moe, again of the United States. He collects first prize for his photographer. Second goes to the wall climber and third again to an unknown photographer who snapped the fellow apparently reaching up to grab an apple.

I am not trying to save the company money. On the contrary we love to give it away. But your name must be on the back of the print together with your address. Without this we don't know where to send the money. A covering letter is useless. I could omit selecting the ones with no name or address I suppose, but I only look at the back of the pictures after I have chosen the winners.

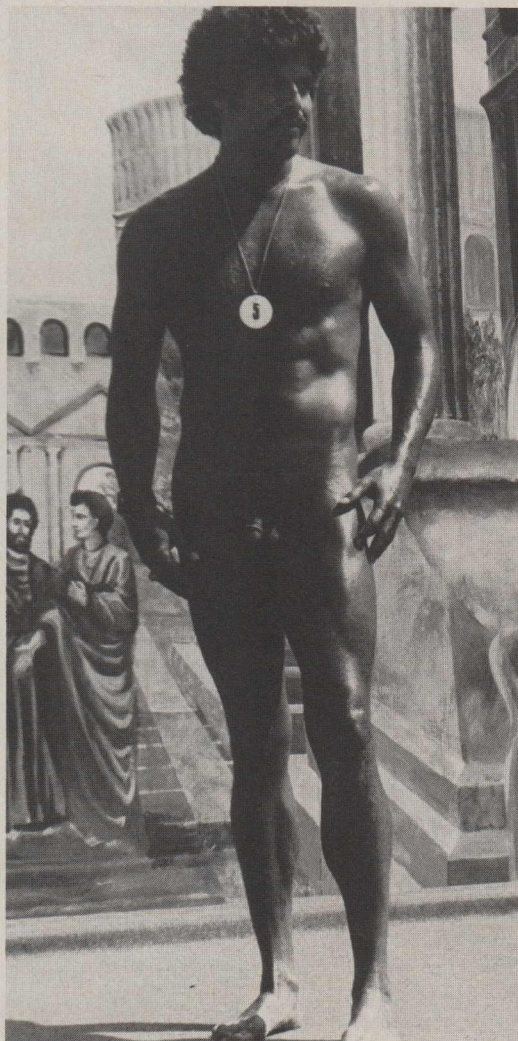




Men

First prize of £10 goes to the picture of the contemplative fellow below.

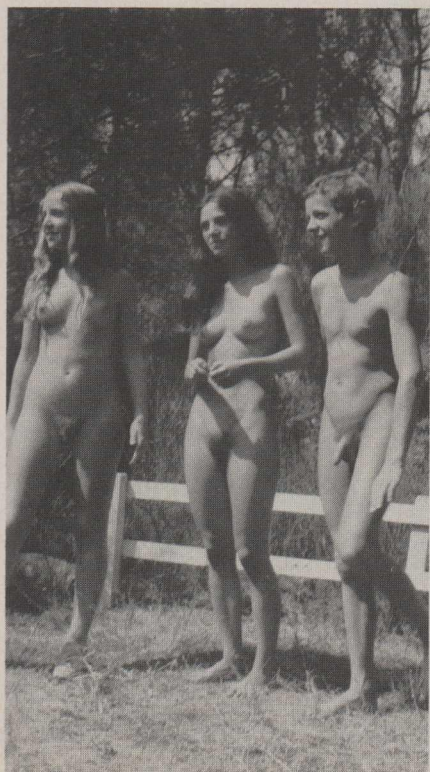
Second award goes to our first wall climber at the right and Third prize to the second wall climber below him. What has got into these fellows?



Groups

First goes to the beautifully sharp picture at the left. Taken in a USA Club.

Second prize below depicts teenagers at Montalivet wondering what to do next. Third prize (below right) is taken by picture which has both quantity and quality.



A CHANGE IN THE LAW?

IN most countries there has always been the feeling that no one is allowed without your permission to publish a picture of you in the nude. But there has recently been a court case in France which has turned this conception upside down.

It may have something to do with the changing world. It may have something to do with the success of nudism as a club matter. More likely it has something to do with the spread of nudity throughout the beaches of Europe and the world. For in these days nudity is no longer looked on as something beyond the pale. The world slowly but surely is returning to its senses. A body created 'in the image of God' can no longer be regarded by the sane as obscene or indecent.

But to get back to the matter in hand. A French citizen found a picture of himself in a well known and respected French naturist magazine. He went to court claiming a vast sum of money because he had not given his permission for the publication. To cut a long matter down to size the result of the case was that he lost. It was held that he had not been photographed without his knowledge. Obviously he posed for the picture in the full knowledge that it was being taken by a professional photographer. Incidentally he was only part of the picture which also included a paid model girl. Now this case appears to have made a major change in the law as regards France. If you pose for your picture to be taken there, you should be aware that the picture may appear in print. This being the case, whether or not you have given your permission for publication, you may find it difficult to recover any damages. It would appear that this doesn't cover pictures which may have been taken without the subject's knowledge. You cannot steal a picture of someone in the nude and expect the protection of the law.

Now while I have no knowledge of the matter having been tested in other courts besides those in Paris, it seems to me that the judgement was perfectly sensible and would represent the attitude likely to be taken in other advanced countries of Europe and perhaps America.

So if you see a picture of yourself in a naturist magazine and you know you have not given permission for publication, do not assume that you are entitled to damages. There is nothing to stop you from bringing an action. It is expensive of course, but so long as you have the money, you can try. But do not assume any longer that you will be successful. In today's climate it seems to me you will as likely as not fail. If you have to pay other lawyers beside your own, the result could be very painful indeed.

I refer to this matter here as it has a bearing on the photo course appearing a few pages back. While it is still sensible to obtain a clearance from the person photographed this case in France suggests it is not as essential as once it was.

Now on to something completely different. Our contributor Phil Vallack has told me that while he is still looking for photographs of beaches used by naturists in England and abroad, his book on English beaches is not going to be published immediately. Instead he is enlarging it to include not only beaches around the British Isles but also those free beaches which can be discovered on the Continent. Remember he is giving a prize of £5 for any photograph sent to this magazine which he can use in this book. You are invited to co-operate not only because you may gain some money but also because you will be helping your fellow naturists to use the beaches in England, France, Germany and elsewhere which (until his book arrives) are largely unknown.





BRITISH

CCBN MEMBERS

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne.
Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton.
The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea.
Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury.
Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.
Naturist Foundation, South London.
Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Kettering.
Bournemouth & District Outdoor Club, near Ringwood.
Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.
Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury.
Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near London (South).
Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely & St. Ives (Cams.).
Croydon Sun Society, near London (South).
Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.
Far West Sunclub.
Four Seasons Club, near Worthing, Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.
Gardenia Sun Club, near London (North), St. Albans.
Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area.
Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook.
Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone area.
Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot.
Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and Deal.
Irish Naturist Association, Belfast, North Ireland and Dublin, Republic of Ireland.
Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.
Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.
Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.

Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester.
Lancashire Sun Society.
Liverpool Sun and Air Society.
London Health and Sauna Club.
Manchester Sun and Air Society.
Marguerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.
Naturist Foundation, near London (South).
North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield Congleton area.
Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield Nottingham, Derby area.
Nova Sun Club, near Sutton, Dorking, Reigate, Guildford.
Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood.
Pendale Sun Club, near Bradford Halifax, Huddersfield.
Phera Sunbathing Group (The Naturosophists) Naturist Section of the Positive Health Education Association.
Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek.
Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent Gloucester and Cinderford.
Ribble Valley Club, near Preston Blackburn and Wallasey.
Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol Portishead and Clevedon.
Scottish Outdoor Club, near Glasgow.
Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.
Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Brampton and Longtown.
South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton.
South London Sun Society.
South Western Outdoor Club, near Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot.
Springwood Sun Club, near Colchester.
Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.
Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.
Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead.
Surrey Downs Sun Club, near Guildford and Dorking.

CLUB

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the locations of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom Organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the CCBN (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent, BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent, DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

Tando, between Carlisle and Newcastle.

Vagari Sun Club, near Godalming, Fareham and Hindhead.

Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and Newport. I.O.W.

Valley Sun Club, near Leeds, Bradford and Ripon.

Weald Group, near Haywards Heath, Burgess Hill and Henfield.

Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow.

Westways Sun Club, near Malmesbury and Minety.

White House Club, near London (South).

White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.

Woodlands, Birmingham and Coventry area. Address, Woodlands, Fillongley, near Coventry, CV7 8EM.

Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton and Telford.

Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull.

Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings, Rye, Tenterden.

INDEPENDENT CLUBS

Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club, Bracknell, Berks. A. G. Scott, 40 Spinis, Roman Wood, Bracknell, Berks.

East Midland Sunfolk, Sandy Acres, Laugherton, Lincoln LN1 2JT. Tel. 0948-2524.

Eureka Club, M. Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans. Tel. (092 73) 730 73.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans. Tel. (09273) 7 21 26.

Further information about the CCBN clubs in the above list can be obtained from CCBN, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. They issue a handbook, price £1.

The *International Naturist Guide* lists clubs in all countries of the world and is available from your national organisation. Price in the United Kingdom £4. The CCBN also issue the *British Naturist Handbook* listing the clubs belonging to the CCBN. Price £1.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP

Athena, P.O. Box 225, 2000 Antwerpen.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, 2020 Antwerpen.

BRUSSELS

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.

GENT

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.

HASSELT

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.

LIEGE

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege.
Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.

VOTTEM

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme (FBN) St. Thomasstraat 24, 2000 Antwerpen.



Oakwood Club and there are the oaks to prove it.

DIRECTORY

FRENCH

PARIS

Some 15 clubs around Paris among which are:

Gymno Club Mediterranee, Serignan Plage Nature, 34410 Serignan near Beziers, France.

Gymno-Club du Thelle.

Centre Gymnique de l'Oise.

La Fertille.

Sport et Nature.

Air et Soleil.

Héliomonde.

Club Gymnique de France.

La Regnière Villette D'Anthon, 38230 Pont de Chérut.

LILLE

Plein Air Relax Club.

REIMS

Centre Gymnique de Champagne.

ORLEANS

Les Bouges, Club du Soleil, Joi et Sante d'Orléans.

Puy la Lande.

BORDEAUX

Centre Helio-Marin de Montalivet.

NICE

La Gorghetta.

CORSICA

Robinson Club La Chiappa, Corsicana.

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Port Nature.

Verdon Provence.

Le Romegas.

VALENCIENNE

Centre Gymnique du Nord.

MAUBEUGE

Natura.

LE HAVRE

Bois des 40 Acres.

ROUEN

La Bouleautiere.

EVREUX

Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.

NANCY

Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.

STRASBOURG

Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg.

RENNES

Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes, BP 724, 35009 Rennes.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Châtaignier, 18250 La Chapelle.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Club du Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon.

Association Familiale des Loisirs

Naturistes Ecordal, 08130 Attigny.

French readers can write for more information to: **La Fédération Française de Naturisme (F.F.N.)** 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French holiday resorts for nudists.

La Conche, C. et J. Bennetot, Relais de la Conche, St. Montant, 07220-Viviers.

La Châtaigneraie, La Châtaigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac.

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinard.



Sunbeam Club near Basildon Essex.

La Genèse, Méjannes-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Maruejols.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St. Auban, Alpes-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Bélézy, Bélézy-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguissette, 20320 San Nicolao.

Montalivet, Centre Hélio-Marin 33930 Montalivet.

Le Moulin, Ernest Ridel, Au Moulin, 20210 Porto-Vecchio, BP 36.

La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

Tropica, Mme. Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 San-Nicolao.

Port Nature au Cap D'Agde, Club Nature, Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans, Le Romegas 26174 Bois-les-Baronnies.

Ran du Château de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafosse, 7 rue de la République, 30100 Ales.

La Grande Cosse, Dr. Escola, 38 rue Paul Riquet, 34500 Beziers, France.

National Organisation: Fédération Française de Naturisme (FFN) 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.

GERMAN

BONN

Familiensportbund Bonn e. V.

AACHEN

Natur-und Sportfreunde Aachen e. V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e. V.

BAMBERG

Natur- und Sportbund.

BAYREUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Südwest.

BREMEN

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung.

FKK Wiking Bremen, e. V. 28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch, Postfach 169.

DUISBURG

Lichtbund Niederrhein, 4 Düsseldorf, Postfach 5131.

DÜSSELDORF

Sportfreunde Düsseldorf, Düsseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

FRANKFURT MAIN

Orplid e. V.

FREIBURG

BffL Sonnland.

FRIEDRICHSHAVEN

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

HAMBURG

FKK-Sportgemeinschaft Hamburg.

HANNOVER

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KASSEL

FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KEMPTEN

Bund Alpenland.

KIEL

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung, e.V., 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

KOLN

Sport und Saunafreunde e. V., 5 Koln 1, Peter Dedenbachstr. 2.

COLOGNE

Helio-Familienportgemeinschaft.

LÜNEBURG

Sun, Lüneburger Heide, 314 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

MUNICH

Freie Sportgemeinschaft Amperland.

SAARBRÜCKEN

Lichtbund Saar e.V., Postfach 973, 6600 Saarbrücken. Grounds: 6619 Nunkirchen-Müschweiler (3.3 km from Losheim Schlobgelände).

STUTTGART

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung, **Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde**.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANHEIM

Freier Lichtbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711.

COBURG

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung, **Coburg**, 8634 Rodach b. Coburg Feldstrasse 1.

NUREMBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde, 85 Nuremberg, Drahtzieherstrasse 25.

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familiensport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382.

SCHWENNINGEN

BffL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villingen.

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK) 6551 Monzingen, DFK-Zentrum Nahemühle.

For German readers, Richard Danehl's Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reiseführer'. It contains the addresses of all the above German clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.

FREE PUBLICITY

We are prepared to give your club an illustrated feature in this magazine provided you have reasonable grounds and we hope facilities. The only requirement is that you should allow us to take pictures of your grounds with members present. Ideally we would like to include some photogenic younger people (preferably young couples) in the foreground to make the feature interesting and attractive. For information write now to The Editor, H.&E., Peenhill Ltd., 8-9 East Harding Street, London EC4.



SUZUKI SUE ON NUDISM

Do you class nudism as a revolutionary movement? No? Well you could be wrong. Suzuki Sue draws a distinction between nudists she sees as helpless captives of a servile society and those she calls free. The free nudist, says Sue is the urban guerilla of the naturist movement.

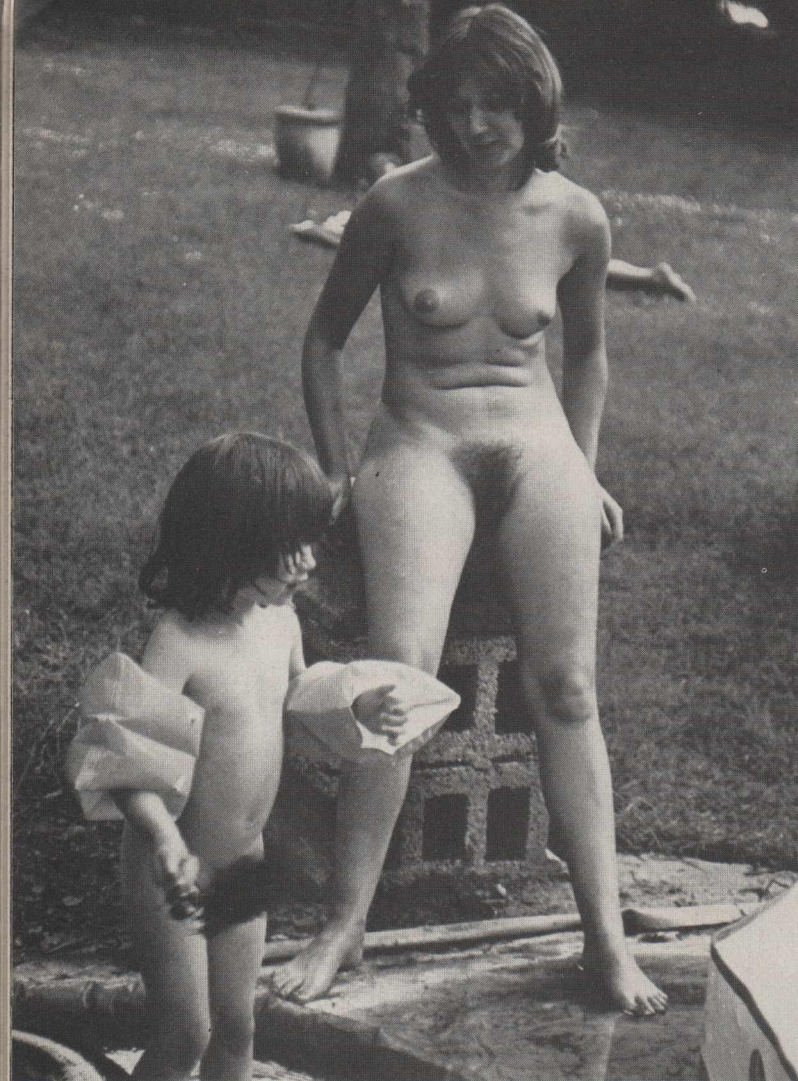
SUE and her Suzuki are well known at her local club. While it sometimes seems such a slip of a girl could hardly handle such a ferocious monster, Sue just laughs. 'I've handled real live monsters twice as ferocious as Zuki,' she says, 'you should have known Sam.'

We declined to follow up the Sam gambit and instead simply asked Sue what she saw in nudism. We were a little surprised by the answer.

'Nudism is going to change the world,' said Sue, 'nudism and all the other movements which just for now are in the minority. You know the student revolution of ten years ago never went away. Young people today are sick of the way society is organised. They want a change. A change away from the monotony of a nine to five job. A way out of the life long servitude to a business which gets bigger and bigger and less and less human. Big business eats up the little business, and in the process goes multinational and loses its heart.'

'Today's kids see little future in getting married and borrowing vast amounts of money to set up a home and then work all their lives to repay twice what they borrowed—considering the interest. By the time they get the debt off their shoulders they are





pretty well worn out and ready to die, if they haven't done so already. The men get heart attacks and the women are turning to alcohol. No longer are children regarded as a blessing. Or even marriage. Bearing children in this system is to become children handicapped.

'What to do about it? Well, you can start with yourself. Ask yourself what you don't like about the system. Then instead of being resigned try to find out how you can opt out. There are thousands of communes functioning quite happily today—one of them is bound to suit you. Or start your own. The terribly important thing is to live your own life. Preferably outside the money dominated wage economy.

'Slowly, the anti-society movement of today is becoming dominant. They are meeting together. They are gathering strength. Look, recently I know one group who received an invitation to a meeting in Berlin. It turned out to be a vast gathering of friends—workers, dissidents, women libbers, homosexuals, musicians, urban freaks, lesbians, Communists, ecologists, artists, health food fanatics, hash smokers and visionaries. And I might add—free nudists.

'Yes, free nudists. The ones

who have cut themselves free of all the hypocrisy and cant preached by organised naturism. All these groups are becoming the main motivators in society. One day they will find a common denominator and then watch out.

'Youth today are against organisation. They find organisations end up doing exactly the opposite of what they aimed for. For instance the nudists who originally got together to seek freedom from the tyranny of those who said the body should always be clothed otherwise our sexual instincts would get the better of ourselves. The early nudists sought to prove that the nude body and man's sexuality was nothing to be afraid of and that no part of the body was obscene or evil. And what do you find today? Organised naturism where they are even ashamed of the word nudism and put out the fiction that we are only just a group of home bodies no different from others. That's what I call organisation ending up on its head.

'You might say the free nudists are the urban guerillas of the naturist scene. They are not afraid to accept their sexuality. They are not afraid to name their names. They are not afraid to question organised nudism's cant. The future is theirs.'











READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, Peenhill Limited, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. The opinions expressed in correspondence from readers do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

FOR FREEDOM TRY NUDISM

I MAY first of all introduce myself. I am young, born 1947, May 27th, a bachelor. I had recently the opportunity to publish two books about games: *Xiang—Qi, Echecs Chinois; Shogi, Echecs Japonais*, both in Editions Flammarion (1977). However, the taste for writing books was a pet scheme of mine long before that time, and one of the main themes I wanted to discuss was freedom, especially freedom to live, and its almost necessary, logical consequence: the freedom to live naked. For, as far as you keep using clothes, you use means and tools to serve a definite purpose, you work, in other words, but do not actually live, since life should be yours, and not the use of any tools. It might be said that as soon as you use tools, you work, and by working, you waste in some way your own life. Therefore, nudity alone seems to enable man

to understand what life really is.

It was with such a thought in mind that I came first to correct a somehow capricious health and entered my first naturist club in Germany. Since that time, I grew even more concerned with gymnosophist thinking, because I think that everything human must be thought upon: this is what gives such a normal and self-evident behaviour as nudism its civilisation-moving edge.

This point was made obvious to me through the clash of two basic attitudes about nudity: rejection, e.g., the Church, or vindication, e.g., as a world reform. Then, I compared the ills of modern civilisation and abusing morals with the weakness of primitive men, and was prompted to search for an uncharted path in the progress of humanity, which I happened to see in a new approach of the physical and spiritual reality of man. Before our times, nudity was either the mindless, brutish way of life of a beast or the helplessness of a victim, as for example barbaric soldiers used to strip and rape with disdainful contempt young virgins.

As a reaction towards this negative approach, I intended to study in a book not only the physical part, but the spiritual aspects, or even the religious implications of a correctly assumed nudity. The title of the book I started writing was: *Naturisme Catholique* insisting upon the all-encompassing choice of nudity and its far-reaching implications, such as the word 'Catholic' might suggest.

A basic fact in this respect is that it's only where and when life unites spirit and flesh that the word 'nude' gets its full meaning. In my opinion, nudity makes us feel the true realities of soul and flesh, and, eventually, the specific greatness of the human being: the *embodiment* of the best from two worlds (nature and 'God'). If mechanical progress, as we have known it, can serve mental development, it's only the acceptance of nudity that will enable us to encompass the total range of freedom and development we can aspire to.

This is the basic thought I wish to advocate. The work should have three main lines: the logic of the 'clothes'—philosophy, and the Church/its inadequacy (a) the logic of the 'nudist'—philosophy/



And still another beach has found its nudist.

its inadequacy—e.g., nudity is okay as long as you pay for it (pornography or de luxe nudist resorts) (b). *Naturisme Catholique*—a new way of life (c).

This shortly described, ambitious endeavour might look like science fiction, but I would be very pleased to exchange views with readers in order to shape up the best aspects of this project. I have in mind, for example, articles about special parts of the topic or open debates and exchanges of personal experiences: e.g., in Lichtbund Saar (Saarbrücken), I was highly impressed by a young thalidomide boy who seemed to enjoy the naked life a plenty. . . .

I thus see in the opportunity to get in touch with you on behalf of your advertisement an unexpected possibility of achieving under the best of circumstances this work, as I feel it could, perhaps, prove useful, not only for the naturist movement, but mankind at large!

I would not, for my part, be so foolhardy, if it were not for the help and understanding I believe I can find by writing to you, as your experience is greater than mine. I would be happy to contribute in some way to the needs you may have, be it in writing articles or sending photographs, or simply news from our little club in the vicinity of Paris. I thank you in advance for any advice and shall be looking forward to hearing from you at your earliest convenience. With best regards, friendly yours,

Paris

P. Spindler

ANOTHER BEACH

ON page 59 of H&E Vol. 79, No. 6, you have printed a photograph caption which reads,

'Do you have a favourite beach? Write and tell us about it'.

I thought that perhaps our East Anglian readers might be interested in a pleasant (though unofficial) spot on the Norfolk coast known as Waxham Sands. It is situated about nine miles north of Great Yarmouth on the B1159 road, and lies between Sea Palling and Horsey. This location offers long narrow stretches of clean sand and protection from the wind is afforded by grassy dunes.

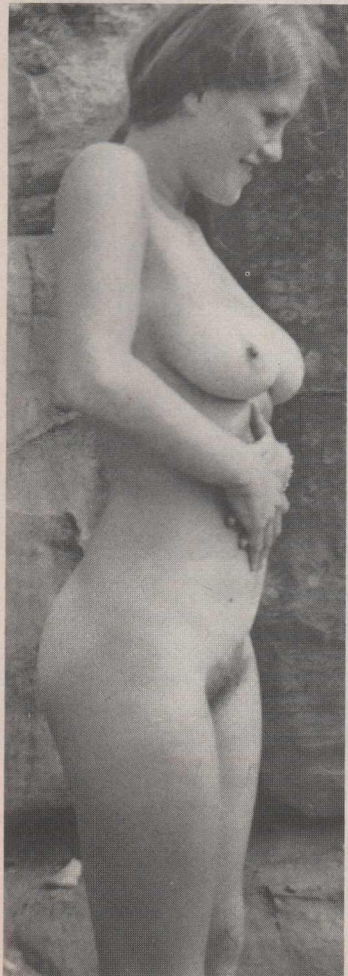
Waxham is not particularly well known for its nudist attractions, but is an extremely pleasant site loved by those that do know of its existence. The part of the beach that is used by nudists is far enough away from the textile beaches to allow its users to go naked without interference, and those textiles that do occasionally wander far enough along the beach to catch sight of the nudes, either ignore them or turn and walk in the other direction. Fair enough, isn't it?

Please feel free to publish this letter if you want to. Anyone interested in the exact location of the beach can write to the above address (enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, please) or phone me at home in the evenings, and I will be pleased to help them out.

Gt. Yarmouth Peter Wintle

A FREE BEACH MAN

I HAVE just purchased a copy of H&E Summer Extra, and although I was not particularly impressed with the majority of articles, Phil Vallack's 'Guide to unofficial nudist Britain', was at long last a step in the right



Another nudist has found freedom on her beach.



direction.

For too long the nudist press have extolled the virtues of naked living, but not once have they even suggested where it can be practised in Britain outside the confines of a club.

Now the curious, the pro nudist public, the lone nudist, the young adults who do not wish to be tied

to a club have somewhere to go. Somewhere to meet people with the same interest.

Yes, I personally am very grateful to Mr. Vallack for providing a framework to build on.

I say framework; we must not stop here with a handful of known locations. We must seek out new areas, then spread the word, use

the voice of H&E, it is on our side. It's up to us to make nudism acceptable on the British coast, that will only be achieved by people using the beaches. We must unite and communicate with each other to be successful.

I conclude on that note, but wish to thank the Editor, Mr. Wren, for pulling H&E out of the

doldrums and giving it renewed vigour. As the magazine is so professionally produced I have often thought a binder to hold your issues would complement any bookshelf. Have you any plans in this directions?

Windermere H. Cook
(No plans for binders Mr. Cook, but W. H. Smith, the booksellers



produce a 'magazine binder' which takes H&E quite nicely. Ed.)

PHYSICAL PERFECTION?

BEING inquisitive about naturism, I bought a copy of H&E. The articles, the first in particular, were most stimulating. What did arouse me, however, was the fact that the photographs

depicted on the whole nymph-like youths. There was a marked lack of middle-aged and older 'adeptes'. Do the photographs fairly represent the ratio of age groups in British naturism? One other point struck me: how are the crippled represented in naturism, or is physical perfection a pre-condition of participation in nudism?

These questions, coming from the unconverted, may seem trivial and they do not detract from the logical manner in which the case for nudity was presented in the magazine.

Liverpool

Thomas Hughes

IT WON'T GO AWAY

I WAS reading a recent edition of H&E and noticed a letter from a naturist couple who re-

quested information on depilation of the private parts.

Being partially depilated myself and my husband fully depilated we consider ourselves quite experienced in the procedure as follows:

1. The testicles must be shaved very carefully with plenty of lubrication from shaving soap (also around the anus). I cannot stress the lubrication factor more strongly as this prevents any uncomfortable irritation afterwards.
2. The area around the penis and above must be trimmed then liberally smeared with depilation cream, and left for approximately 10-15 minutes to dissolve remaining hair. Then this should be washed off and the entire area dusted with a fine

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talcum powder.

Warning: never use the depilatory cream around the testicles or anus as this causes a great deal of irritation and dry skin.

My husband and I find this method both easy and efficient. the testicles need shaving every two weeks and re-application is needed of the cream once a week or when stubble becomes uncomfortable.

We find this method both easy

and comfortable and the only reason why I am not completely hairless is because I am a striptease artiste and go-go dancer, and I find a lot of men prefer that little bit of fuzz at the front. I must also emphasise that the vulva in women must also be shaved as this causes irritation to women for obvious reasons.

I hope the couple succeed in their endeavours.

London Mrs. Linda C. Walton

We are seeking German and French nudists/journalists who can write in English. The English grammar is of no importance since, if necessary, it will be corrected in the Editor's office. We are looking for stories, news and articles from your countries covering the nudist scene. Write to the Editor for a copy of our 'Notes for the guidance of authors'.

Writers who can contribute articles written with a nudist/naturist slant are invited to submit 1,000 words to 2,000 words for consideration by the Editor. All approaches considered including:

A nudist experience, attitude or accident.

Humour in relation to nudity, nudism or similar activity.

Nudity in art, literature, life or entertainment.

Nudist philosophy or attitudes to life seen by the 'naked' eye. Sex and attitudes thereto seen through eyes which regard nakedness as natural and not sinful.

The future of nudity.

Health, ecology and conservation with a nudist slant.

Colour slides or black and white prints as illustrations are welcome but not essential. We cannot use colour prints. Payment is by article (not the number of words) and averages £30 to £35, according to the Editor's assessment.

Editor's address: Peenhill Ltd., 8-9 East Harding Street, London, EC4A 3AS, Great Britain.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

in Health & Efficiency costs 20p per word—minimum charge £5.00 per insertion, with a minimum 3 insertions. Box Numbers count as two words and cost an extra 50p to cover administration and postage. All advertisements must be prepaid and sent to:

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Dereham, Norfolk.

Colourslide list, S.A.E.:

Miss Elaine, P.O. Box 2, Dereham,
Norfolk.

Back NUMBERS

Vol. 78, Issue No. 4—current issue available at 75p per copy.

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Bachelor, aged 29, living near Uxbridge. Enjoys countryside, would like introduction to naturism. Ladies interested in possible friendship please write for sincere reply to Box No. 1749.

Arthritis and other incurables. Learn how I cured my incurable disease. SAE Harry Barrass, 22 Nursery Rd., Merton, London, SW19.

Naturists in Hertfordshire. I am hoping to start a club in this area. Would any naturists who would be interested in this project reply to Box No. 1746.

Fully registered agency (run by practising naturists) always requires young models with good figures. Wide range of quality work available. Photo with reply.—Box No. 1751.

Bachelor, Essex, 56, 6ft., 14st., seeks introduction nudism, friendship, meetings near, correspondence distant, with couples, females, males, any nationality 40 plus. Stout build. Photo returned mine.—Box No. 1747.

Two King-size Caravans, also s/c Flat, all with mains water/flush toilets, on private site close to secluded bays and beaches. Naturist couples/families only.—Whyatt, Old Smithy, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembro. Phone: Croesgoch 489.

Photographer requires attractive female models 16-30 for indoor/outdoor work. Good fees.—Box No. 1745.

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